

# THE ACADEMY

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## Notes of the Week

THE Home Rule Amendment Bill, which was considered in the House of Lords on Tuesday, we think, marks an end to the obstinate determination of the Coalition to bang, bar, and bolt the door to all possible terms of compromise. Though late, all too late, in the day, we still are glad that the appalling consequences which were bound to result from the *non possumus* attitude of the Government may still be avoided. Neither Lord Lansdowne nor any other responsible Unionist leader considers the permanent division of Ireland into two hostile camps as being anything short of lamentable, and there was a shadow of suggestion thrown out in the debate that a middle way might still be found which would appeal to reasonable minds. We are sorry that this view has not been assimilated sooner, and we repudiate all personal responsibility for the impasse into which matters have drifted. In our issue of October 4, 1913, we wrote:

We now, however, hazard a suggestion. The only possible solution—if the *status quo* is to be departed from, which we do not admit—is an assembly for Catholic Ireland and another for essentially Protestant Ireland. The two countries might conceivably get to know and trust each other in time. We think the time will more probably be measured in centuries

than in decades, but there is just an off-chance of success. There might be an arrangement for joint sessions and conferences, with the British Government as ultimate arbiter. Especially in matters of finance, such a scheme seems to be indispensable. We leave Members of Parliament to digest the proposal, and, if there is anything of value in it, to elaborate it. The lamb has never yet lain down with the lion without absorption, but we live in a progressive age, and miracles are commonplace.

The scheme we hinted at has no doubt many difficulties inherent in it. Thus we find the parliamentary correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* writing in the issue of the 24th inst., after the debate in the House of Lords had taken place, in these words, whilst referring to Lord Lansdowne's speech:

The suggestion underlying these remarks is regarded in some quarters as a hint that the Peers may possibly convert the amending Bill into a scheme of Home Rule within Home Rule, and as all parties dislike exclusion, Ulster included, the drift of opinion may set in this direction. But it must be added that the Nationalists, much as they dislike exclusion, seem even more averse from such a scheme. For they would greatly prefer to leave the Catholic minority in Ulster under the British Parliament than to surrender them to a covenanting assembly.

What does this point to but the resurrection of the idea which we ventured to put forward nine months ago? We can quite believe that Nationalist Ireland would not relish the scheme, but the time has passed when it is possible to consider the too fastidious tastes of those holding one view or the other. If statesmanship is to assert any claim to be viewed as scientific, the only course is to adopt the least objectionable of possible alternatives, and we believe that the scheme to which opinion seems to be veering, is quite the best that is open at present as a solution of the situation.

It will, we think, be a surprise to some of our readers to learn that we have to-day made a donation to the funds of the fanatical section of the "Votes for Women" party. We have purchased, for the first time in our lives, a copy of the official organ of the party, edited by the ineffable Christabel. The paper was well worth the penny, because it reveals the consternation prevailing in the camp over the miserable end of Laura Grey. Every conceivable argument, logical and illogical—mostly the latter—is trotted out to prove that the unhappy girl was not the victim of the deplorable tendencies which were imparted to her by her criminal employers. Mr. Hornung's eulogy of the woman when she was young is italicised to show that this "human flower" was not blighted to destruction by the guilty and irresponsible training of her novitiate in a monstrous system. With unspeakable meanness the League suggest, and, indeed, promulgate, the view that the girl was so abnormal that even past-masters in crime could have no influence over her. Since Mr. Hornung declared that Laura Grey in her youth was a "beautiful and gentle creature," what,

may we ask, was the influence which converted her into a being whom we should not have hesitated to describe otherwise had she been living? We admit it is a knock-out blow to the organisation that their pose as evangelists of all that is moral in life should be confronted with so striking an instance of the sinful and immoral tendency of their propagandism.

Mr. Lloyd George as philosopher and moraliser is about as acceptable as Mr. Lloyd George the politician. He has been ruminating on men's responsibilities for their actions, and his conclusion is that everything—riches, character, conduct—is just a matter of luck. Irresponsibility, no doubt, accounts for a good deal in Mr. Lloyd George. The Chancellor of the Exchequer as fatalist is not quite so sublime—or sickly—a spectacle as the Chancellor of the Exchequer in alliance with the Almighty. Mr. J. J. Hills, the American millionaire, has dared to suggest that Lloyd Georgian finance and the false humanitarianism of the social legislation which it buttresses are doing harm to British trade. It does not need an American millionaire to make that fairly clear. What is Mr. Lloyd George's answer? "The Power that governs the world does not punish with bankruptcy and ruin nations that do kindness to the old, the feeble, the broken and the sick." Even though they rob churches to do it, he might have added.

A pretty mess has been made of the Budget by this great light in economics! It is a pity that Mr. Lloyd George, or someone for him, does not give a little more time to practical business, instead of devising schemes which catch votes and involve all who have a stake in the credit of the country in difficulties. A certain amount of opposition from the business-men on his own side, combined with the common sense and courage of the Speaker, has brought the Government a well-deserved rebuff. Mr. Gibson Bowles has hammered away at the spendthrift irregularities of recent financial methods with some success, and now the whole thing is thrown into the melting-pot. The result may save a penny on the income tax this year, but it will be a serious embarrassment to some local bodies who took Mr. Lloyd George at his word. It is monstrous that a proved failure should be allowed to go on playing ducks and drakes with the national resources. Men like Sir Hugh Bell protest in vain. They are in daily touch with the mischief which is being worked, and the captains of industry know perfectly well, whatever the Board of Trade Returns may show, that capital is finding it more and more difficult to earn that margin of interest on which new enterprise depends. The ultimate sufferers will be the very workers of whose cause Mr. Lloyd George and his friends are supposed to be the champions.

The Birthday Honours, as usual, contain an odd announcement or two of importance in the midst of

dozens of promotions which are either official or incomprehensible. There are no reasons why Sir Thomas Beecham should not be made a baronet if he wishes to enjoy the distinction of handing on his title. The Lord Mayor of London may find compensation in hereditary honours for the back seat forced upon him by the Chairman of the London County Council during the recent municipal visit to Paris. As an offset, Sir J. W. Benn becomes a baronet also. The three names which appeal to us most in the new list are those of Lord Kitchener, who becomes an Earl, a distinction which Imperial service has certainly merited; Mr. R. L. Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, who becomes G.C.M.G., an honour that would certainly have been conferred upon him without loss of time by any Unionist Government; and Dr. J. G. Frazer, of "Golden Bough" fame, whose scientific researches and literary accomplishments merit at least as much recognition as the services, say, of an estimable Blackburn auctioneer or of the Chairman of the National Health Insurance Commission of Scotland.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the list is the peerage conferred on Sir Edgar Vincent. We knew this gentleman when he was a handsome young Guardsman keeping terms in the Inner Temple. He owes his eminence, no doubt, to the pushful qualities of his late brother, Sir Howard Vincent, and the beauty of his wife. Lady Helen is not the least beautiful of the splendid quartette, of whom the late Duchess of Leinster was the bright and particular star, a beauty matchless in her time, and perhaps unmatched in all ages, Helen of Troy not excepted.

The scheme for a new London stores started and maintained by Civil Servants will emphasise in the minds of many people a point made by the writer of the article on "The Civil Servant," in THE ACADEMY, a fortnight ago. Civil Servants, the *Evening Standard* tells us, consider themselves entitled to privileges not enjoyed by the general public; why, we entirely fail to see. The Civil Servant is better paid than the average professional man, and he has his pension to look forward to, which the professional man has not. He is paid by the public, and, not content to compete during or after office hours with the toiler in literature and art, he is now planning to set up a huge store with which he may undercut the ordinary shopkeeper. He is able to do this because of a certain *esprit de corps*, and because of his numbers. Co-operative stores are, no doubt, a boon to many poor people, but they are often a deadly wrong to hundreds of small shopkeepers. We do not think we should exaggerate if we said that the better class shopkeeper has legitimate ground of complaint if men in the public service, whom he is taxed to pay, confront his business, none too secure as it is, with this fresh menace.



## Mist Arising

I SHALL be lost among the stars:  
 So long by rushes cool  
 I was held in the sleeping pool—  
 But I am rising, rising. Not a leaf,  
 Mooring the lily, my ascent debars.  
 O, lit, white water-lilies, watch the sky,  
 When there I take my shining rest, though brief!  
 I might have shone rose-fire had I risen soon,  
 But now in softer hue myself descry—  
 A green gauze, or a mauve warmth by the moon!  
 Afterwards, you will see me not . . . O, swift—  
 There are two stars already, but subdued,  
 As light looks ever in the pool. When come  
 The myriad, pure and pointed, I shall drift,  
 Shivering with moonlight and the loftiness,  
 Through a strange heaven—lost, likely, or renewed.  
 Strange heaven! Yet its allurement grows no less.  
 The sleeping, silent pool was not my home—  
 Not even by my ascension surface-crossed:  
 I shall be among stars, if I am lost.

K. BALBERNIE.

## Effusiveness

THE great artist, we believe, does not talk largely about "his art" even to intimate friends; still less is he given to chatter for the benefit of any gentlemen of the Press who may call with notebook and pencil. He feels that his especial gifts, in whatever province these may lie, employed though they may be for the pleasure and benefit of others, are smirched and cheapened by hasty talk and purposeless remarks. When he does allow himself to discuss these matters, his observations are generally in the nature of criticism, thoughtful, thoroughly considered, and valuable, as tending to define the objects and limits of some particular branch of his chosen calling. Conscious that his opinions carry weight and are the result of years of experience and experiment, the great artist is almost compelled to assume a tinge of egotism; but his egotism is rarely offensive, and he knows that as knowledge grows, the desire to be dogmatic recedes—for in art, as in other matters, a slavish following of other people's "settled convictions" means a cramped soul and a dangerous self-satisfaction.

Having formed these ideas as to the behaviour of the true artist with relation to publicity, we were much entertained, a short time ago, at the report of an interview with a popular short-story writer which appeared in an American paper of some repute. The lady in question took her profession quite seriously, and laid down the law to the eager interviewer at considerable length. "Anyone who has a sense of proportion can

write a short story," she began. This was rather a poor opening; but we became forthwith puzzled completely. The reporter asked the author why, in her stories, she devoted the first five hundred words to a glimpse of the conclusion; her delightful reply was: "I do that to create suspense; I tell almost everything at the start, so as to get right into the action of the story." Only a very exceptional personality could dare to mystify us in that manner.

The lady proceeded to discourse in this fashion: her next work is to be "the romantic story of a duchess" from material gathered in Vienna while her husband "took a special course in medicine," for "you know we are all a little romantic at heart." "This writing of short stories is a game. . . . It is much like a man who invents a new safety razor. He makes the best razor that he can. He believes in it, and he stands back of it. He invents a razor because he knows that men need one with which to shave themselves. . . ." But we really must refrain from solid quotation, though it is tempting. We learn that it takes this original artist "about a week to write a short story—they are generally long ones"; that she goes shopping, knows the tango, has a dancing class once a week; and, apparently as an afterthought, she adds, "then I have my husband, three sons, and a house to take care of."

Dignity and reticence, which we have suggested as characteristic of the great artist, are here obviously absent; effusiveness and a naïve pride have responded to the first touch of the reporter's banal questionings. Scores of columns of this sort of rubbish are printed every day, for the public loves to know the details of the private life of its favourites; but we were distinctly surprised to find that the *New York Times Book Review* encouraged such unworthy methods of filling space. We seem to have arrived at an era of gush, an age of loquacity, when the man who has published a book, or written a few good poems, or painted a picture, must be induced to talk about his work and is enthroned as an epoch-making artist. Immature critics, sure of placing their articles, are too eager to lift the beginner—who may or may not be doing good things—to a pinnacle of fame; they are also far too wide in their range: hence arises much silliness that is not even clever, such as "futurist" pictures and music and "cubist" poetry. If another Edward Lear comes, or another "Lewis Carroll," to raise nonsense by sheer genius to an intellectual delight, doubtless he will be recognised; if the song of a modern Keats should steal upon ears and hearts weary of affected clamouring, it will not pass unhonoured. Meanwhile, however, let us be careful of this tendency to unlimited enthusiasm over mediocrity attired in motley simply to attract attention; for although it is true that the best will survive and the insignificant will vanish, a great deal of harm is done by the shouting and confusion, indiscriminate and ever changing its theme, amid which the quieter voices of restraint, of experience, and of dignity are too often inaudible.

W. L. R.

## Eminent Bookmen and their Opinions

### II.—SIR FREDERICK MACMILLAN

THERE are in existence two fascinating biographical works which, separated as to dates of issue by about half a century, are complementary to one another as records of the romance attaching to the foundation of one of our most famous publishing houses. They are the "Life of Daniel Macmillan," written by Judge Thomas Hughes—of whose classic story of public-school life there will be something to say presently—and Mr. Charles L. Graves' "Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan," which gained so deservedly warm a welcome on its appearance rather less than four years ago. Between them, these two memoirs enshrine not merely the history of a fraternal partnership which, humble in its beginnings, was the nucleus from which developed a power of the first magnitude in the English publishing world, but the memoirs of a pair of remarkable personalities, brothers in intellect, in sympathies, and in enterprise as well as in blood, who hold an honoured place among the bookmen of the Victorian era.

The sons of an Ayrshire farmer, Daniel and Alexander Macmillan came south to seek their fortunes in the thirties of last century. In the closing year of that decade, Alexander joined his brother as an assistant in the Fleet Street publishing house of Seeley. Both were omnivorous readers, and so absorbing was the taste which they shared in common that it never seems to have occurred to either of them to seek a livelihood in any occupation unconnected with books. It was characteristic of the spirit of enterprise and ambition which they brought to their work that, when they had been only four years together in the service of the Fleet Street house, they resolved to start business on their own account, and promptly did so, publishing their first book from an address in Aldersgate Street in 1843. A little later, with the assistance of Archdeacon Hare, they purchased a book-selling business in Cambridge; and, having settled in the University town, they soon resumed operations as publishers, and were not long in gaining an established reputation. Even in those early days, the brothers were inflexible in their maintenance of the high standard which they had set before them with regard to the works issued with their imprint; and on two occasions in 1855 they refused advantageous offers to publish books by influential writers, solely because the tone of the works in question did not commend itself to their judgment.

Unhappily, this ideal partnership was cut short by the death, in 1857, of Daniel Macmillan, who had been subject all his life to the handicap of delicate health. His loss was a heavy blow to the survivor; but Alexander Macmillan had qualities which rendered him fully capable of maintaining and extending, single-handed, the success that had been won. A year after the sole control of the business passed into his hands he

opened a branch office in London, whither, five years later, its headquarters were removed. Established in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, the firm of Macmillan soon took recognised position in the first rank of English publishers, having already to its credit such famous books as Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and Judge Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown's School Days." With regard to the latter, it is recorded of Daniel Macmillan that, on reading the manuscript, he passed it on to his brother with the remark: "Here is a book that is going to become a classic like 'Robinson Crusoe'!"—a literary prophecy which was fully justified, for "Tom Brown" continues to number its readers by thousands, in spite of the fact that the conditions of public-school life which it depicts were utterly unlike anything that exists to-day.

From the 'sixties onwards, the history of the house of Macmillan is one of expanding enterprise and steadily increasing prosperity. Among the works of outstanding note for which it was responsible were "Ecce Homo," the volume of theological essays which caused such a heavy fluttering of the ecclesiastical dovescotes in 1866, and Green's "Short History of the English People," which appeared in 1875—in which year, by the way, a branch of the business was established in the United States. It was the wise policy of the firm not to "specialise," but to undertake the publication of literature of almost any and every order, provided that it was sufficiently good of its kind to do credit to its sponsors; and the bibliographical catalogue of the Macmillan publications bears impressive witness to the thoroughness with which this rule has been at all periods observed. In the 'ninetieths occurred two events of high importance in the annals of the house, the conversion of the business into a limited company in 1896 being followed, within two years, by its absorption of the firm of Bentley, which had held for more than half a century a leading place in the publishing world, and had owned the historic "Miscellany" in which Dickens' "Oliver Twist," and not a few other novels by writers of leading rank, made their original appearance. The removal from the old Bedford Street house to the stately building in St. Martin's Street specially designed was a more recent landmark in Macmillan history.

Both the brothers left heirs and successors to carry on the business which their ability and enterprise had founded; and it is the eldest son of Daniel Macmillan who to-day is chairman of the company that directs the fortunes of the house. To talk with Sir Frederick Macmillan of books and of publishing is to realise how deeply he is imbued with the principles upon which those fortunes were so worthily built up by his father and his uncle. It is his conviction that intrinsic merit is the one and sufficient standard of judgment which a publisher should apply to the works for which he is invited to stand sponsor. "Books that are good of their kind" may be taken as the formula which best expresses his practical philosophy of publishing; and, as the world knows, it has been at all periods the watchword of the house that bears his name. To assume responsibility for



books merely because they may seem to possess certain extraneous elements of popularity represents a policy with which he is entirely out of sympathy. He holds, further, that an author who sets himself to "write down" to some supposed level of public taste is sure to injure himself in a material as well as in an artistic sense. That it always pays an author to do the best that is in him is another of the maxims of which his professional observation has taught him to recognise the truth.

While fully alive to the changes in publishing conditions which modern developments of one kind and another have brought in their train, Sir Frederick Macmillan is not to be beguiled into dogmatising about their present or prospective effects; but such references as he makes to the general outlook are entirely free from any note of pessimism. He deprecates, for example, any tendency to complain of the latter-day preponderance of cheap books, which he considers inevitable; and he sees no use in blinking the fact that many among the more well-to-do classes have nowadays less leisure to give to books, and less room in which to house them, than was formerly the case. With regard to the circulating libraries, he believes that they fulfil an invaluable and quite indispensable function, seeing that people have no wish—even if they had the means—to acquire possession of most of the books that they desire to read. This naturally leads to the vexed question of the so-called library "censorship," as to which he points out with emphasis that the supply or non-supply of a particular book or books is a matter entirely between the libraries and their customers, and one in which no outside party has any legitimate ground of interference. But he makes it clear that any attempt to institute a real censorship of literature—if such a thing were practicable—would have in him a convinced opponent.

In the eminently practical view of Sir Frederick Macmillan, "things without all remedy should be without regard"; and he is, therefore, not inclined to worry overmuch about the evils entailed by the fact that each year sees the issue of a vast number of unwanted and unnecessary books. So long as people continue to find satisfaction in writing and producing these superfluities, he sees no possible means of checking their activity; and so there is nothing for it but to leave matters to be dealt with by the law of the survival of the fittest. There is, he thinks, something to be deplored in the present-day tendency of large sections of the public to concentrate their reading attention almost exclusively on novels, and to regard "literature" and "fiction" as

practically synonymous terms. And one feels it to be quite in accordance with the fitness of things that this heresy should be specially reprobated in St. Martin's Street; for the catholicity of its issue of good literature, and its recognition of other standards of value besides that of mere "best-selling" capacity, have been at all times, as they are to-day, dominant "notes" of the policy of the house of Macmillan.

ALFRED BERLYN.

## The Naval Crisis within the Empire—I

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE advocates of a closer Imperial union will detect a disquieting symptom in the criticism which has been directed throughout our Overseas Dominions against Mr. Churchill's recent statement of naval policy in the Pacific. At the outset, let it be said that to quarrel with his precept as to the imperative need for continued concentration in Home waters would be to display complete ignorance of elementary strategy. The hammer must so be raised above the anvil that the blow can be struck where it is most required. Nevertheless, there is a danger that a principle, while adequately providing against a set of military contingencies likely to arise within a restricted area at any given moment, may fail as a measure of Imperial safety; for the reason that no account is taken of other contingencies as to the remoteness or otherwise of which there is reasonable ground for difference of opinion, and of Imperial sentiment, which, being more a force than a fact, hardly comes within the purview of the purely professional strategist. It is a truism that the strategy of the moment is decided by the statesmanship of the moment; and it follows, then, that if the latter exhibits too narrow an estimate of its duty to the community, the expert, no matter how efficient he may be as such, is predestined to fail so soon as his work is put to practical test. We must not imagine that the Overseas Dominions are so local in their outlook as to entertain the belief that naval concentration is carried to excess, and that it would be better were a strong fleet to be detached from Home waters to be permanently stationed in the Pacific. But the opinion is held that the situation has now become so important that, with as little delay as possible, provision should be made, altogether outside the

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requirements of concentration, for adequate naval representation in that region.

It is here that an acute difference arises between certain Oversea Dominions and the British Government. The First Lord of the Admiralty, knowing that Japan is predominant in the Pacific, regards her alliance with England as a sufficient guarantee that conditions will not be disturbed. At the same time, with perfect wisdom, he points out that were the British Navy to be defeated in the North Sea nothing could save the Colonies. So far, Mr. Churchill has taken up a position which bears the appearance of impregnability. It cannot be said that his ideas fail to embrace obvious necessities, but these necessities his policy narrows down to a minimum. Had he chosen to base his arguments upon economic grounds, declaring that Great Britain cannot afford to maintain a strong squadron in the Pacific, then his attitude would have been intelligible to the Colonies. But when, in effect, he tells them that they are needlessly apprehensive, and that, apart altogether from the restraining influence of the Treaty of Alliance, Japan's established reputation for honest dealing is sufficient guarantee of peace in the Far East, they may be forgiven if they find his honeyed words somewhat disingenuous. For, in truth, the public opinion of our Oversea Dominions is disinclined to share the optimistic views advanced by Mr. Churchill. As already implied, they have sufficient imagination to understand without instruction that concentration in the North Sea is imperative for Imperial safety. Nor do they accuse Mr. Churchill of voicing an obsession with the narrow enthusiasm of an inverted mind when he insists upon his aspect of the question and is complacent, seemingly, to the point of indifference, about the needs of the Pacific. What, however, they suspect about his policy is that it is dictated by parsimony. They give him sufficient credit for statesmanlike vision to believe that he, like themselves, is not unmindful of the desirability, if not of the necessity, for stationing a strong squadron in the Pacific, in addition to the naval concentration as it exists at present in Home waters. Naturally, they do not like to be told merely for the purposes of expediency that they have taken an altogether exaggerated view of their own requirements, or that, having no sensible appreciation of the trend of world-diplomacy, they have not looked beyond their own shores. Japan is their neighbour. The waters of the Pacific are the waters that wash their coasts. The problems of this ocean and the vast regions with which it is bounded naturally affect their welfare intimately.

In the main, these problems centre upon the definition of relations between the peoples of the Western nations and the peoples of Oriental nations. No matter to what extent the coinciding interest of the moment may bring together in amity and friendship individual units of either opposing camp, there is ever present the knowledge that fundamentally these camps are irreconcilable. No systematised cohesion is as yet visible on the one side or the other. In principle, the Colonies are, of course, at one on the question of Oriental ex-

clusion. Moreover, that they are in full sympathy and agreement with the United States, where the trouble has become so acute as to be looked upon as a national peril, is abundantly evident from the public comment of the day. To perhaps a less, though certainly an appreciable, extent they welcome the vigorous policy of Russia in the Far East which, too, is aimed at stemming the tide of Oriental aggression. Turning in the other direction, we find that Japan, as might only be expected, is leading the way among Asiatic races in demanding equality of treatment. China is biding her time. Then, to a problem already sufficiently serious, a grave complication is introduced by the circumstance that the restrictions upon Oriental immigration are enforced in British Dominions against Indian subjects of the Crown. No possible way of removing this complication can be devised such as will not damage the cause of Imperial unity, for it is a dispute the settlement of which must inevitably outrage cherished principles held by one or other party.

## In Balzac's Country

### III.—THE HOUSE OF GRANDET.

BY R. A. J. WALLING.

WE lingered a few moments on the ramparts. I looked down over the roofs and towers of the old town gilded by the westering sun. The scene had an element of over-ripeness, of mature melancholy, which brought to mind again the phrase that had been haunting me, describing the physiognomy of a certain house "*situé à Saumur, au bout de la rue montueuse qui mène au château, par le haut de la ville.*" I turned to the châtelain.

"Do you know the house of Monsieur Grandet?" I asked.

No, he was sorry he did not know any Monsieur Grandet. But madame and monsieur would certainly wish to see the Museum before they left. They probably knew that the Castle of Saumur was now being preserved by the Municipality, which had installed its Museum in the ancient rooms. And, furthermore, there was that in the Museum which was of special interest to English people.

He conducted us through the Museum, promising that fatigue should be rewarded at last. And this was the guerdon.

"Voilà!" he cried triumphantly, landing us in the last of the rooms. The sacred Treasure, the omphalos of the Musée de Saumur, was in a glass case in the middle of the room. It was the white and polished skeleton of a horse, articulated with wire, and the horse was Flying Fox! In the venerable apartments where Charles the Eighth held court and received the homage of the Duke of Brittany, where the Béarnais signed his Treaty with Henry III—the *pièce de résistance* in the Twentieth Century was the osseous remains of an English racehorse! The pedigree of Flying Fox



was set out in more elaborate detail than that of Duplessis-Mornay. I raised my hat to the representative of the Municipality of Saumur, in silent awe of its vast daring. He was touched by the act of homage. He doffed his own cap with the gilt braid, and said:

"Ah, monsieur, le bon cheval! You English love good horses, and I also—I salute the soul of the great *coursneur*!"

At the gateway, Madame la Châtelaine appeared, smiling, with picture-postcards to sell. We purchased some. The châtelain came running after us as we were about to descend the steps.

"But, monsieur—the *coursneur*! You have not the card of Flying Fox!"

And he waved a postcard in the air.

"Thank you, no," said I. "It would be too painful."

"Ah, pardon!" in a voice of deep sympathy, "I understand. Bonjour, madame, monsieur."

It was in descending to the town through a by-way that we found it, the old Grand' Rue of Saumur, the steep street overtowered by the sombre battlements of the Castle, not far from the Church of St. Peter and beyond the wood-fronted house inhabited by the great Duplessis-Mornay. Once within its borders, we were transplanted, as on a magic carpet, back into the early Nineteenth Century. Surely this was the very cooper seated at his door who twiddled his thumbs while he talked with his neighbour, and marked the going and coming of Grandet and speculated whether the great man of Saumur was only—as some said—as rich as Rothschild, or—as others declared—could buy out Rothschild and all his relations if he liked? Surely that girl looking out at her window under an undulating roof of moss-grown slates among the gables and the gargoyles was one of the maidens who watched Eugénie Grandet as she went to Mass, and saw the rare shopping excursions of that queen and mistress of all domestics, *la grande Nanon*? In the days when Eugénie passed through the ancient street, a dainty apparition of youth and beauty, an heiress whose *dot* was the subject of speculation in all the stage-coaches from Blois to Angers, in the days when the Cruchotins and the Grasinistes struggling for Eugénie's hand and fortune were arrayed against each other like the Ghents and Ghibellines of old, the Grand' Rue could not have been very different from this. Was not this old Grandet himself coming down the centre of the roadway, his heavy shoes laced with leather making an explosive clatter as he walked? No, it could not be Grandet. He had no quaker-hat, no plum-coloured coat with long tails, no silver buckles on his breeches.

But this, at any rate, must be the house of Grandet—the old house set back in a recess, with its sculptured sandstone facings and its old oak door and its knocker, "which looked like a big note of exclamation"—there could be no mistaking it. Or, at least, we thought so. True, Monsieur Magne, the worthy inspector of Historical Monuments, had not long since been working his improving will upon the ramparts of the castle which

used to form the wall of Eugénie's garden—that *jardin d'amour* where the fickle Charles first kissed her. No doubt there had been many alterations. But here were the gloomy walls—here the window where Madame Grandet spent her thankless days, there the room where the miser died fingering his gold, and there the passage at the end of which *la grande Nanon* slept with one ear open, the watchdog of her master's house.

This darkening evening, we saw it for the first time. Yet how familiar it all was! What a tribute were our sensations to the mighty genius of Balzac, whose evocation of the scene was so perfect that the Grand' Rue of Saumur had existed for years in our minds in exact replica of the thing itself. The pebbled pavement we trod, the mouldering houses we saw, the men and women we heard that afternoon were not more real to us than they had been ere ever we saw them. We spoke of these things quietly as we stood looking at what may have been the house of Grandet, and I raised my hat, this time in homage to the great master who had conceived one of the Acts of his immense Comedy of human life in these very purlieus of old Saumur. But the gesture reminded Her of Flying Fox, and the spell was broken by a ripple of laughter.

We went off to dine in a little restaurant near the Theatre. It filled with a gay and chattering crowd all intent upon the grand review and the visit of M. le Ministre on the morrow.

"A demain, à demain!" resounded on all sides as we left to walk across the noble bridge to the station, and take our west-bound train.

"M. le Ministre is a greater man in Saumur than Honoré de Balzac," said I. "Well, I think we have seen what there is to see."

"You forget," was Her sally; "we have quite overlooked the Caisse d'Epargne!"

### Thirty Years of Accomplishment

ONCE upon a time we were told a little story of a shy and very gifted newly elected A.R.A. being shown over a popular artist's brass-bound house in St. John's Wood. Both the painter and his wife produced pictures; the latter, charming and intimate Dutch scenes, for which her own rooms were often painted as backgrounds. When the famous husband showed his wife's room to the not very gushing A.R.A., all the newly appointed member of the august body of Burlington House could say was: "Ah, how well I know that bed."

Delightful as is Mr. Lavery's collection of pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery, one cannot but have much the same feeling. Most of the paintings suggest—Ah, how well we know that beautiful lady in black, or, how pleasant it is to be allowed to see again "La Mort du Cygne" and meet once more the engaging British landscapes, or feel with the painter the burning sunshine of Morocco and the calm sea of Tangier.

But this is only a first impression; there are dozens of Mr. Lavery's accomplished, sedated pictures and por-

traits which are new to most of us, for the cities of the world have sent their tribute to the exhibition. There is a fine "Spring," and the early portrait of Mr. Lavery and his daughter sent from the Luxembourg, and the admirably painted "Lady in Pink" from the municipality of Venice. There is the famous "Lady in Black" lent by the Royal National Gallery in Berlin, and another picture with the same title from the Belgian Government. Munich sends the early work, painted in 1886, "A Tennis Party," and the Senate House of Brussels an even earlier historic subject, "The Night After Langside, 1568"; but the list may be indefinitely continued and made to include many of the largest cities of Scotland, Ireland and England.

For all the more appreciative and alert public art collections have sought out Mr. Lavery's work and made it their own. Some people have thought that we at home have neglected him, but as far as private persons are concerned, that can hardly be justly said; few native artists are more enthusiastically admired or more quickly bought.

The first work exhibited by the artist was in Glasgow in 1880. From "Pious Reflections" of that date to "The Princess Aage" of the present year, we are presented with a most interesting study of the evolution of Mr. Lavery's art. Although he undoubtedly shows a strong personality and a preference towards repose and a feeling of silence in his portraits, he is always obviously growing in skill, always open to fresh ideas, always ready and capable in experiment. His work varies, too, in so remarkable a degree that even one hundred and fifty of his pictures following one another do not create the least effect of satiety; indeed, one wishes the collection contained a hundred more pictures than it does.

The "Lady Gwendoline Churchill" of 1911-13 is distinguished beyond any portrait of our period, while "R. B. Cunninghame Graham, Esq.," lent by the Corporation of Glasgow, is full of character, even to the over-intentional pose and bravura air of the sitter.

From the "Mrs. Lavery, Sketching," lent by the Gallery of Modern Art at Dublin, brilliant and beautiful, to the charming scheme of dark colours in which "The Lady Dorothy Browne" is painted; from the free and careless and correct "Alice Reading" to the careful and touching picture, "The Mother," Mr. Lavery lays his whole art bare for our delight. And the general result is that we get an impression of a happy artist of great accomplishment, constantly painting the subjects he loves best, and painting them with a quiet content and a far from vain-glorious sense of victory well won.

Among all the fine portraits and cleverly composed pictures, those that make the most immediate appeal to us are "The Silver Turban," the curious and exciting "Japanese Switzerland," that we saw a year or so ago at Burlington House, the rich and splendid sunlight effect called "In Morocco," where a European lady and a little girl on a grey Arab horse are shown in gorgeous sunlight, and the quiet "Mrs. Lavery and Alice" of 1909. Truth to tell, the same lady is to be found in all

of these, in which she appears always beautiful but ever different. Do you know the sixteenth century anonymous verse—

She is neither white nor brown,  
But as the heavens fair;  
There is none hath her form divine  
In the earth or the air.

And thus, we fancy, she is a constant inspiration to the painter and a source of pleasure to the lovers of his pictures. But the many famous men who have sat to the artist are treated with almost equal insight.

If they care for the immortality of reposeful, beautiful paint, how fortunate are those who, when Time shuts up the glory of our days, have sat to Mr. Lavery! He bears, by the way, the proud titles of R.S.A., R.H.A., A.R.A., H.R.O.I., R.P., Member International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers; the National Society of Portrait Painters; Société National des Beaux Arts, Paris; Corresponding Member Royal Academy of Milan, San Luca, Rome; Royal Belgian Academy; the Secessions of Munich, Berlin and Vienna; and of the Society of Spanish Artists, Madrid; Chevalier of the Order of Leopold of Belgium and of the Crown of Italy; and he is one of the most gifted of our countrymen.

EGAN MEW.

## Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

### XII—TO VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN

**M**Y LORD,—It is with delight, not unqualified with regret, that I sit down to address a few lines to one for whom in his capacity as man of letters I entertain an admiration which is unbounded, and in his capacity as politician I can find no place in my heart. "The same old plaint," I hear you mutter, with a measure of impatience tempered by the memory of a goodly number of years in receipt of official honoraria, "I know. I ought not to have given up to party, talents intended for literature."

You, my Lord, have been so persistent an advocate of Truth that you cannot reasonably object if I deem it necessary to insist on this particular item. One thing only has chastened my joy in your literary work—the knowledge that its author was not wholly prepared in public life to embody its teaching. Of most authors who have taken a hand in affairs it has to be said that their public service is greater than their literature. With you it has been the reverse. Truth, you said in your essay on Byron, alone of words is essentially divine and sacrosanct. That you should have plunged your principles into the whirlpool of party pretence and deceit has been a sore point with me and with thousands of other less sophisticated souls. Such a reproach, I have no doubt you will say, comes ill from one who has had the temerity to adopt the *nom-de-guerre* of Carneades, Junior. My pseudonymous ancestry is a matter of no consequence to the modern world. What a Morley says



and does, on the other hand, is of very great consequence indeed. I have actually heard people with never a scintilla of Radicalism in their composition argue that the Radical courses of recent times must have some justification in principle because Morley subscribed to them. What did Burke say? "Man acts from motives relative to his interests; and not on metaphysical speculations." It is nearly forty years since you quoted those words with approval. They may be quoted to-day as the neatest description of the motif of some of the best historical-political-social-metaphysical books in the English language.

With all my leanings in politics towards the side which you always opposed, I confess that no volume I ever take up for an hour's serious reading gives me more pleasure or provides more material for thought than "On Compromise." And how heartily I wish I could avoid the "curious abrupt questionings," as Walt Whitman would have called them, which will not be suppressed, as the personality of the author in his twin but divergent rôles comes before me. Yet it might perhaps be fairly argued that the author of "On Compromise" has himself been the very embodiment of Compromise. You were the austere critic of the moral delinquencies of a Byron: yet you became the champion of a Parnell—I mean, of course, in his public capacity. Your views on his private life which has just been laid bare for the benefit of a scandal-loving world, I do not recall, if they were ever enunciated. You wrote a book on Robespierre—a book which I admit afforded little excuse for Tyndall's fears that you would one day elect to be a Robespierre yourself—and you became a member of the House of Lords! Let your mind go back to the old *Pall Mall* and *Fortnightly* days. What would you have thought then if somebody had told you that you would die a peer? You have been among the severest critics of the "unlucky prowess" of ancestors who gave us our great Empire, and you have never been noted for peculiarly tender judgment of autocrats; yet you became Secretary of State for India, and I am credibly informed were about the most autocratic political chief the India Office has known since the time of the Mutiny. In your "Walpole" you told us that "to modern sentiment there is something deeply repugnant in this insolent transfer of whole populations with no more regard to race, tradition, or to their own wishes than if they were flocks and herds in a cattle market." There is apparently no insolence of transfer when you as politician find it essential to party exigencies that Ulster should be handed over to her enemies. As a student of your work put it in the *Fortnightly Review*, abstract theorist as you always have been, you acknowledge the unattainability of Utopia and concede the right of those "potent divinities," Necessity and Force, to the shrine which the ancient traveller found on the Acrocorinthus. In a word, my Lord, you are truly British in your ability to compromise, and my own personal regret is that the compromise has not been on the side of national interests which some of us still hold sacred. Happily, I believe your books will still be read when

the fact that you were a member of successive Radical oligarchies is forgotten.

You must forgive me if I seem to have laboured this part of my letter. Believe me, it is my literary love that speaks. When you were writing of Guicciardini, you urged that men should seek truth and entertain right opinion, but absolved them from the necessity of publishing their convictions. It has been your practice to seek, to entertain, and to publish, and I have on occasion felt it almost a duty to the devourers of snippets to get together a collection of your great thoughts, of your pearls of wisdom, of your finely turned phrases. The obiter dicta of a Morley are at least as priceless as the obiter dicta of a Birrell. And what a mine there is to quarry, from "Burke" to "Machiavelli," from "Voltaire" and "Rousseau" to "Walpole" and "On Compromise," from the "Miscellanies" to "Cobden" and "Gladstone." Of them all there is but one that appeals to me as little as it appealed to Leslie Stephen, and that is your Cobden. It is too often the fate of genius to be appraised by men of small mental calibre. You inverted the order and brought genius to the appraisal of an essentially commonplace personality. A Burke or a Gladstone, a Voltaire or a Walpole were fit subjects for the mettle you carry, and such is the aggravating contrariness of popular support, it would not in the least surprise me to learn that more copies have been sold of "The Life of Cobden" than of any other of your books. "Inferior intellects succeed best," you said in your lecture on Machiavelli. "People assume," you wrote in "Walpole," "that when men are concerned in high affairs, their motives must lie deep and their designs reach far. Few who have ever been close to public business, its hurries, chances, obscurities, egotisms will fall in with any such belief." Just as life is greater than literature, so literature is greater than politics: both may lend themselves to humbug of the first order, but my honest conviction is that in literature we get nearer sincerity than in anything else. Take an Asquith or a Lloyd George, take a Morley if you will, and then judge his life and actions by the written standard of the author of "On Compromise," and what shall we think of them all? The one thing, in the cause of truth, which I hope you have done, is to keep a journal. If you have and have committed to paper your most intimate thoughts on the affairs in which you have played no small part, posterity is going to have possibly the richest dish ever given to the world in the shape of memoirs. Horace Walpole would not be "in it" as the unsubpoenaed witness to the littlenesses of their great contemporaries.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient servant,  
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

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Messrs. Duckworth and Co. will publish immediately Mr. John Galsworthy's third series of plays, which will include his recently acted work, "The Mob." The others which the volumes comprise are "The Fugitive" and "The Pigeon."

## A Light-Hearted Critic

THE art of criticism, ancient and honourable, is taken very lightly by certain writers of the present day. It presents to them no difficulties, fills them with no sense of responsibility, suggests to them no ordeal of prayer and fasting and searching of heart before they dare express praise or blame. Equipped with a few facts, fancies, and opinions, they rush gaily into the field of print, playing happily as children with the pretty words they find, wasting their own time and that of the readers whose attention they claim, blind to the rigour of the labours they have undertaken, and probably careless of criticism, since they seem to know so little about it.

It is sad to have to include Mr. Curle in this disappointing company, for he is sincerely enthusiastic in his admiration for the author whom he has chosen for his "study," and sincerity is the essential virtue in this type of work. The purest sincerity, however, and the most genuine enthusiasm, are of little use without a balanced, well-stored mind and the illuminating word. We would not say that the critic of one whose style is notable should be the possessor of a notable style himself—that might banish too many from the ranks; but we do say that he should be careful as to his form of expression, should avoid platitude and gush, and should see to it that each sentence contributes something, however insignificant, towards the building of the shapely and well-ordered whole. Mr. Curle certainly has a style of his own. He can begin a greater number of consecutive sentences with "But," "For," "And," and other weak openings, than any other writer we have ever known; three on one short page run thus: "For atmosphere is not . . ." "For atmosphere is . . ." "For with him atmosphere . . ." He can talk of an "almost unique gift," of a "phenomenal masterpiece"; in the chapter concerning "Conrad's Men" we find: "And there is Falk . . ." "And there is Stein . . ." "And there is Captain Lingard . . ." "And there is Willems . . ." "And there is Captain MacWhirr . . ." "And there is Jacobus . . ." "And then finally there are . . ." "And now . . ." "And then there is Nostromo . . ." "And another very curious character is . . ." "And then there is Captain Mitchell . . ." "And there is Don José . . ." "And one of the most singular . . ." "Another monster is . . ." "And we may glance now at . . ." Most of these begin a paragraph and therefore leap to the reader's eye; "and there is" many another lurking between. Why? Simply because the author has no sense of style, or was lazy, or careless.

We may leave these and other indiscretions to inquire as to the merit of the study taken broadly, for even with such irritating faults a book might still act as a searchlight, throwing a clear, penetrating radiance upon its theme. Mr. Curle, however, labels himself and lowers the value of his work irremediably by placing his hero on a pedestal and demanding that such minor

*Joseph Conrad.* By RICHARD CURLE. (Kegan Paul and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

authors as George Meredith, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, George Moore—with his "corrupt simplicity"—and Kipling, who is "purposely vulgar," shall be sacrificed; at which we can only imagine Mr. Conrad himself will smile kindly, but not proudly. Meredith's portraits of women, we are told, are often lacking in magnetic charm; "Meredith was not a great artist, whereas Conrad is"; "Conrad has imagined a few figures which will be known when nearly all the novels of Meredith are mouldering on forgotten shelves. One could write a tragic essay on the futility of cleverness in art." Certainly one could write a tragic essay on the futility of this sort of "criticism"—this useless dogmatism. Nothing could possibly be wider of the mark than the preposterous assertion that Henry James suffers from "a sort of anæmia of the imagination"; it is simply laughable. And what of Joseph Conrad, in this maze of light-hearted conceit?

Joseph Conrad's work, we learn, is to be admired; we agree, for Mr. Conrad is taking his place as one of the "big men" in the world of fiction. He is a master of the long short-story—the novelette, one might term it, if the meaning of the word had not been spoiled; and he possesses a splendid style which in its later more mature and restrained examples is memorable for its thrilling grip on the reader. We find in Mr. Curle's pages many happy passages where he explains fluently and excellently the beauties of such books as "Nostromo," and instances the magic of certain descriptions which all who have read must have marked or noted in the "Tales of Unrest," or "Typhoon," or "Lord Jim," or "Freya of the Seven Islands." He is at his best here; at home with his subject, eager, ardent, keen to exhibit his hero to those who may have the misfortune to be ignorant of these matters. He tells briefly and clearly the extraordinary career of Mr. Conrad, and notes the wonderful fact that this Polish boy should have entered the British Merchant Service, become a master mariner, and, having known hardly a word of English until 1878, when he landed at Lowestoft at the age of 21, should have forced his way to an honourable position among the great writers of the day. With much that Mr. Curle has to say in this mood we heartily agree; chapters vi and viii, on the men and on the "irony and sardonic humour" of the novels, despite the drawbacks we have mentioned, show the gleams of an occasional piece of true criticism. Here is one instance, concerning "Chance": "It is Conrad, with his precise knowledge of the heart, who realises that a woman like Mrs. Fyne can be truly compassionate as long as her conventionality is not shocked, but that she can be hard and unforgiving outside those limits." He remarks also his author's obvious indebtedness to Flaubert.

To the reader who seeks an introduction to the work of Mr. Conrad this volume will be valuable; to those who are familiar with that work, it may prove annoying simply because of its lack of a sense of proportion. It is a curious, stuttering book; the writer continually interjects remarks such as "I fear I have discussed this point elsewhere," or "I am conscious that I have not



explained myself any too lucidly," or "this is a point I made previously," and so on—confessions of weakness and laxity and loose construction. If you know you have not explained a point lucidly, why not revise and re-cast until you have?—is the obvious retort. Here, with its faults and virtues, we leave the book, hoping only that Mr. Curle will study, before he again attempts a critical survey, the craft of words of which his theme is a shining example.

## Children of the Sun

BY F. G. AFLALO

THE natives of Equatorial Africa have lately been much in the public eye, more, perhaps, than ever since the days of Stanley and Emin. It is not, however, of such grave matters of local politics, spiritual or temporal, as the Kikuyu Controversy or Masai Claim, the which I gladly leave to the bishops and lawyers, that these notes have anything to tell, but rather of some traits which these Sons of Ham display to their employers; and such sidelight on the labour question and the relations between master and servant is directed on the case of the tourist on *safari* rather on the more serious affairs of those who plant sisal or coffee.

Nine tourists out of every ten, particularly those who have never before transcended the limits of Europe, land in Africa prepared to embrace the negro as a brother; and it may safely be affirmed that not one in ten re-embarks without having parted with his negrophil illusions. It is no easy matter to say whether the fault lies with the black man or the white. The mischief is that they came together in a false light, and both are to blame, the black man the less of the two, for the awakening. The tourist comes out to East Africa expecting too much of personal servants, who are, after all, only savages once removed. How can it be fair to engage these creatures, many of whom are little other than monkeys walking upright, and to be passionately angry if a personal boy packs a leaking bottle of hairwash among evening shirts, or if one of the *safari* porters carries a dressing-case upside down in a storm of rain.

The ways of Africa are not the ways of Europe. How many more travellers are to din this simple truth into the ears of the people at home? Here is no mere gulf between East and West, for, apart from geographical relations of longitude, the raw material of African humanity has little more in common with the Hindu or the Burmese than with the intellectuals of European capitals. The African is a sort of human being who takes a long time growing up. He does not grow up in one generation or in twenty. In his better moments, he is just a mischievous child; in his worse, he is just a revengeful monkey. To reward or punish him by the human standards of civilisation is a monstrous injustice. The equality of the human brotherhood is the claptrap of missionaries and politicians. There is no erasing the colour line, and until this old world is gone mad there never will be. The

natives of Equatorial Africa are peculiarly primitive. They lack at once the splendid physique of the Zulu, the silent dignity of the Soudanese, and the silken tongue of those "pretty" Egyptians who, as dragomen or sheikhs, win the nasty heroines of a popular novelist to their desires. The features of the Kikuyu are an index to his manners, and both are impolite. He has a horror of honest work unsurpassed in the sunny squares of Madrid or under the greyer skies of the County Cork. He will sign on as porter one day and throw down his load the next, though before imputing dishonesty it would be fairer to make careful inquiry into the precise conditions of his enlistment. There are districts in which forced labour is extinct in name only, porters being engaged with the help of their chief, who pockets most of their wages. The native is often a liar and a thief (so are several white men I have come across), but he is this much of a sportsman—if caught red-handed, he takes the beating he has earned without a murmur. The authorities are making valiant (and stupid) efforts to legislate the *kiboko* out of use, but they know perfectly well that it is only the abuse of the whip that matters, and that, on *safari* or in outlying stations, it is as indispensable to the solitary European in charge of unruly natives as an umbrella in the streets of Manchester.

The least intelligent natives of the Eastern Protectorate are unquestionably the Swahili, coast folk compounded of Arab and negro, who hold themselves immeasurably superior to the indigenous tribes of the highlands. How far this self-satisfied attitude is warranted by facts is a matter of opinion. They are certainly greater rogues than their simpler neighbours, and a few of them earn excessive wages (as much as 25 rupees a month, with a daily allowance of *posho*) by dint of a little English, so inadequate, however, to daily needs as to be worth nothing. The Kikuyu, or "Kiuku," as the settlers prefer to call them, are found round Nairobi and through the Rift Valley. They are not strikingly robust in either body or mind, and the most noticeable feature about them is the manner of piercing the pendulous lobes of their elephantine ears, in which they bore holes capable of accommodating a kerosene tin.

Let the tourist, therefore, not expect too much of these Children of Ham freed from the fetters of slavery and being slowly reclaimed from the other extreme of sloth by those who gave them liberty, a process effectually accomplished by teaching them the desire for luxuries that they can purchase only with the proceeds of honest work. Some, no doubt, will always prefer the short cut to acquisition, which takes its risk of gaol, and so, always, will some white men, but the bulk are too honest or too timid to shirk legitimate wage. Trying they are at times, sometimes intentionally, and an occasional whipping does them less harm than he who gives it. The difficulty is that we have taken these untutored savages from their plains and jungles and made of them cooks and valets, and then we are impatient because they sometimes exhibit the manners and morals of the Monkey House.

## REVIEWS

## A Modern Arcadian

*Collected Poems.* By NORMAN GALE. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.)

MR. NORMAN GALE achieved popularity twenty-two years ago with the publication of "A Country Muse." This volume was so successful that a year later "A Country Muse: New Series," appeared, followed, after another year's interval, by "Orchard Songs." A little more than half of this collection now before us is from the foregoing works, the rest being drawn from "Song in September" and "A Book of Quatrains." So far as we can discover there are no examples of Mr. Gale's "Cricket Songs" and his "Songs for Little People." Thus we must suppose that, in the present volume, he has given us all the poems by which he wishes to be remembered.

We do not wonder that he appealed so successfully to our Victorian fathers, for he came with his untroubled melodies just before the ferment of unrest had begun to work. There was just a dash of religious flavouring, too, which made him irresistible in the 'nineties. It must be said that if all the religion of that time had been as cheerful and spontaneous as Mr. Gale's, our religion might not have been in its present parlous state. He has been compared to Herrick, and there is much to be said for the comparison. We doubt whether any man could sing to-day as Mr. Gale does of "The Country Faith":—

Here in the country's heart,  
Where the grass is green,  
Life is the same sweet life  
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,  
And the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of God  
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,  
And the crop grows tall—  
This is the country faith  
And the best of all!

The quality of his "Country Muse" is, however, better typified in "Spring":—

All the lanes are lyric,  
All the bushes sing;  
You are at your kissing,  
Spring!

Romping with your children,  
Do not fail to bring  
Mary to the haystack,  
Spring!

Froth upon her fingers,  
Bosom for a king,  
Speed her from the milking,  
Spring!

Mr. Gale's only successor in that mood is Mr. W. H. Davies.

Is the later judgment of a poet to be trusted when he undertakes to revise work twenty years old? Has not the passing of the years often incapacitated him for such a delicate operation? One might say much on this fascinating question, taking Mr. Norman Gale as an example; for he has emended much of his early works in ways not always to our taste. Take these lines from "A Pastoral":—

And now the village flashed in sight,  
And closer came I to her side;  
A flush ran down into the white,  
The impulse of a pinky tide.

This becomes in the "Collected Poems":—

Since time was short and blood was bold,  
I drew me closer to her side,  
And watched her freckles change from gold  
To pink beneath a blushing tide,

which seems to us to lack something of the spontaneity and energy of the more youthful version. We miss, too, some poems from this collection altogether, and wonder on what principle so charming an example as "A Song," beginning:—

I will not say my true love's eyes  
Outshine the noblest star,

is excluded. We are, however, glad to note that the delightful "Labore Confecto" has been retained, and without alteration, save that one verse has been put into italics.

Certain topics have a powerful attraction for Mr. Gale. He is fond of contrasting country and town; he can sing of the transition of girlhood to womanhood in charming mock-poignant fashion; he is a doughty opponent of all such as keep birds in captivity. Nor is he incapable of the deeper note, of which several examples might be given. We can only mention "The Wrestling," "The Companion," and "The Bargain." "The Wanderer" is a fine poem marred by a prosy line.

There is also something of the epigrammatist in Mr. Gale, as he shows us in "Dawn and Dark," and in the examples from "A Book of Quatrains." A strange grimness and irony informs some of these quatrains, which is in striking contrast to the earlier work. Note this delineation of "The Sweater":—

Now the orchid's pinned, and he lets go slack  
In a blood-coloured car his rotting soul,  
With a sealskin graveyard upon his back,  
And a corpse or two in his buttonhole.

On the technical side Mr. Gale has never aspired to anything very superfine, or attempted to stagger us with Swinburnian rhyme-schemes. He would have lost much of the charm and freedom of his verse if he had. Within his own limits he is a true poet who may yet give pleasure to those who desire occasionally to be transported from a problem-ridden age.



## Whither Are We Tending?

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

*Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century.* By A. V. DICEY, K.C., Hon. D.C.L. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN 1898 Professor Dicey accepted an invitation to deliver to the students of the Law School at Harvard University a short course of lectures on the History of English Law during the last century. The outcome of this was his well-known text-book published in 1905.

A great deal of water has gone under Westminster Bridge since that date. The sweeping victory of the Radical Party in 1906 makes an epoch in the history of English legislature, and in this, the second edition of the book, the author brings his views up to date. In the original work, to make things clear to his American audience, he decided that the best course would be to trace the relations during the last hundred years between the progress of English law and the course of public opinion in England. He does not pretend to write a history of either; he does not profess to discover anything new; but he draws some conclusions in very clear outlines from the best-known facts of political, social, and legal history. As he says in the first edition, his position was largely that of a mere historian, and his duty to attempt to draw correct inferences from admitted facts.

Professor Dicey traces how the power passed from the aristocracy to the middle classes; how under the Manchester school the policy of *laissez faire* was adopted. He now shows how the power, from various causes, has passed out of the hands of the middle classes into the hands of the working classes, and with what peril this is fraught to the Empire.

He points to the past attitude of Chancellors of the Exchequer, who, after providing for the absolutely necessary expenditure of the State, so framed their Budgets as to leave the largest possible amount of the national wealth to "fructify"—as the expression then went—"in the pockets of the people." This fact has only to be quoted to show how far the present Chancellor has wandered from this view.

Here is another change. Socialism and Protection have one feature in common—both rest on the belief that the power of the State may be beneficently extended, even though it conflicts with the contractual freedom of individual citizens.

The author questions whether England will gain as a whole by enacting that the receipt of Poor Law relief, in the shape of an old age pension, is consistent with the right to join in the election of a member of Parliament. He evidently thinks that the system is wrong where the elector can bring pressure to bear on the candidate to vote for an increase in the pension of the elector. Again, he fears that the taxpayer does not realise the necessary responsibility

which the Insurance Act will entail. He regrets the gradual ousting of the authority of the Courts of Law in favour of permanent officials appointed by the Government—not only to make new laws by means of by-laws, but also to be in some cases the final court of appeal of these laws. He affirms quite truly that an administrative court is never a completely independent tribunal.

The Trades Disputes Act naturally comes under his ban, for the direct effect of this enactment, deliberately passed for party purposes, is that a trade union—whether of workmen or masters, which may be a very wealthy society—is now absolutely protected from liability to an action for any tort or wrong committed by or on behalf of the trade union. The author returns to the charge on the subject of the right to vote under the Education Provision of Meals Act, 1906. Why, he pertinently asks, a man who first neglects his duty as a father and then defrauds the State should retain his full political rights is a question easier to ask than to answer.

The Professor denounces the party system, but does not suggest a remedy; with all its faults, it is surely preferable to the group system as in vogue in France or Germany. He seems to think the aristocracy and the middle classes should be up and doing—but again does not show the way.

We have said sufficient to show the nature of the lectures. The book is clever and thoughtful, but necessarily somewhat pessimistic. It is written with all the old familiar lucidity and directness, and we cordially recommend it to all who are watching the present state of affairs. It does not answer the question at the head of the article, but it puts the question clearly.

## The Origins of Russian Opera

*The Russian Opera.* By ROSA NEWMARCH. (Herbert Jenkins. 5s. net.)

ALL who are genuinely interested in Russian opera would do well to purchase this excellent work by Rosa Newmarch, who during a long residence in Petersburg and Moscow succeeded in obtaining an intimate knowledge not only of the great operas now becoming familiar to us, but of many of the most eminent Russian composers.

The author shows how the Russian people, by the sheer force of their zeal and love of music, their wealth of folk-song, their poetical and idealistic nature, in the face of every obstacle, have within the last thirty or forty years created one of the grandest and most beautiful national operas in the world, a reflection of the mighty, suffering soul of the people, which in this form of art expresses itself more truly than in any other manner. "Great is the soul of the Russian people," the immortal Gogol once exclaimed in one of his moments of inspiration. Great it is indeed, though warped, crushed, and bowed down for centuries. It seems that neither the persecution of the Orthodox

Church, nor the neglect of the official high priests of the muses, who were steeped in a slavish worship of the old Italian schools, could quench the ardour of the so-called amateurs, who, with no professional standing, were the first exponents of the genuine Russian school of music. Had it not been for Tchaikoffsky, Borodin, and other such "amateurs," and the generosity of private individuals, where would Russian music be to-day? We might say the same of our own budding national school; if it should ever burst forth in full flower, it will not be owing to the timid and niggardly aid received from the State, but to men such as the talented musician who is now conducting the operas at Drury Lane and making them the talk of London.

On studying this book we see that the operatic and other works of the national composers were repeatedly refused by the Directors of the Imperial Opera; yet the intense love of music which welled up like a spring out of the hearts of the people, attained at last such force that it rushed all barriers. Not even the wildest dreams of the "amateurs" foresaw its extent. The Tsar Alexis Mechailovitch, the enlightened father of Peter the Great, was the first ruler to encourage the arts in Muscovite Russia; for in 1660 this monarch directed an Englishman in his service "to engage for him master glass-blowers, master engravers, and master makers of comedies" for the Court. As the comedies and plays organised by our countrymen had, necessarily, musical accompaniments, it naturally followed that the "one trumpeter" and "four musicians" brought to Russia by command of the Tsar were the forerunners of Russian orchestral music.

The first tragedy-comedy with musical accompaniment played before the Tsar was the Acts of Artaxerxes, and lasted ten hours! The Tsar, who watched with unflagging attention, was so pleased that this tragedy was followed by a whole series of plays with and without music. Thus was a Russian national school of music started on its unknown career.

Catherine II, thanks to her love of the arts, did much towards the encouragement of opera and dramatic art, for though she did not found a national opera, she made it possible for this branch of art to come into existence. The private theatricals organised by the Empress Anne in 1732 at the Winter Palace, in which Italian actors, musicians and singers played before her, all tended to foster a taste for musical entertainment, which subsequently took the form of foreign opera.

As national sentiments became more and more pronounced, the attempts to establish a national opera became more and more persistent, but these were discouraged by the Italian and French professors, who were naturally anxious to put forward their own schools of music. By a strange paradox, however, owing to the unselfishness and noble spirit of Catterino Cavos, a Venetian musician, who turned to Russian sources of inspiration, matters improved. Although his operas are now forgotten, it was on the foundation he laid that the Russian composers worked until they

achieved success. It was left to Glinka, the Russian Wagner, to place Russian opera firmly on its pedestal by his great work, "Life for the Tsar," the same subject on which Cavos had already written an opera called "Ivan Suzanin." Notwithstanding his genius and originality, Glinka met with blank refusals from the directors of the Imperial Opera. He was helped by the generous spirit of Cavos, who refused to see in him a rival. Glinka's work was finally, after much hesitation, accepted by Gideonov, the Russian director of the opera, on condition that he gave a written undertaking not to claim any fee for the rights of production. Under such circumstances and difficulties did the first great Russian opera make its appearance.

A large school of great Russian composers soon followed. Of Seroff, Wagner wrote: "For me Seroff is not dead; for me he still lives. Such as he was, to me he ever will be the noblest and highest-minded of men." Concerning Anton Rubinstein there is an exceedingly interesting chapter, although it must be confessed the author is somewhat hard on this genius, whom the writer frequently met during his long sojourn in St. Petersburg. Rubinstein, who was a Bessarabian Jew, piqued by the failure of his Russian operas, resolved to compose to German texts and to try his luck abroad. In this attempt he narrowly escaped falling between two stools; for to be popular in two schools—the Russian and the German—was almost an impossibility. In the circumstances, it is remarkable that he was able to accomplish so much.

Space will not permit a description in detail of the life and work of Balakariëff, Moussorgsky, Borodin, Rimsky Korsakoff, and other great Russian composers, now only beginning to be known in England. When we think of their genius we must not forget how many of them were musicians only in their spare moments, and that a great part of their life was taken up in earning a livelihood as officials, tax-collectors, and in other uncongenial occupations. Balakariëff was a Government official, "who spent his life between his scientific work, his constant attendance at all kinds of boards and committee meetings, and his musical interests."

Tchaikoffsky, until he made a name as a composer, was an engineer. The Government had evidently in those early days no confidence in the musical genius of its own people, and lavished its millions on Italian, French, and German artists.

When the Government authorities turned a cold shoulder on Russian talent, Belaiev, a wealthy timber merchant, "wishing to give some practical support to the cause of national music, founded a publishing house in Leipzig in 1885, where he brought out a great number of works by the members of the new school, including a fine edition of Borodin's 'Prince Igor.' He also founded the Russian Symphony Concerts, the programmes of which were drawn exclusively from the works of native composers."

Sir Joseph Beecham, who has done so much to encourage English opera and English music, is but walking in the footsteps of men who raised Russian



music to its present high level, and there is no knowing what results may flow from his work after the lapse of another 25 years—when the good seed that is now being sown has had time to grow.

The present work, which is printed in large type on good paper, is dedicated to that great singer, Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapine, who is now in our midst. As it is written by one who has such an intimate and exact knowledge of Russian opera and music, coming at such an opportune moment it should be of great value, since with its help not only the history of the operas now being placed before us will be intelligible, but also the struggles the great Russian composers endured ere they reached their present well-deserved fame.

W. B. S.

## The Mailed Fist and the Pacifist

*The War of Steel and Gold: A Study of the Armed Peace.* By H. N. BRAILSFORD. (G. Bell and Sons. 5s. net.)

AT this time of day we need no philosopher, Socialist or other, to convince us that the rivalry in armaments between the Great Powers of Europe constitutes, for the nations concerned, an evil of disastrous magnitude. The burdens imposed upon the various peoples who contribute to the maintenance of the present "armed peace" threaten to become so crushing, if the competition is indefinitely continued, that anyone who claims to be able to show us a way out is assured of a respectful hearing. Mr. Norman Angell, most eloquent of pacifists, has done his best to get the nations to beat their swords into ploughshares by persuading them that modern war is not, and never can be, even to the victors, a paying proposition. And now comes Mr. Brailsford, with a Socialistic hatred of "capitalism" as the root of all evil, to protest that the big armaments are maintained solely for the benefit of the financiers of various nationalities who are interested in the exportation of capital to undeveloped countries. To the exposition of this theory he devotes the first or "descriptive" part of his incisively written book; in the second or "constructive" part he undertakes to suggest the means of preventing these capitalists from cynically promoting war for their own advantage, and so of removing the one great obstacle to the inauguration of the reign of international peace and concord.

Since it is the habit of your doctrinaire theorist to ignore the teachings of practical experience when they happen to oppose his fixed idea, it is not in the least surprising to find Mr. Brailsford assuming as a cardinal fact that democracies are fundamentally opposed to war as an institution, and that, if allowed full and immediate control of international diplomacy, they would obviate all further need either for the maintenance of armaments or for the propaganda of the Peace Society. The poet knew better who told us that "War is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at"; and, if modern history has taught us

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anything, it is that, when national jealousies have tended towards the boiling-point, "the people" have always vehemently supported the final appeal to the arbitrament of force. This, of course, is merely to say that human nature retains its elementary attributes in the mass as well as in the individual; but Socialism's failing is that it persists in viewing human nature, not as it is, but as it ought to be. So we have Mr. Brailsford drawing up his exaggerated indictment against the capitalists, and bidding us find our way to the millennium by investing democracy with "a real control over foreign affairs." What that would mean in practice—whether effected by his proposed Standing Committee of the House of Commons to bear-lead the Foreign Secretary, or by any other machinery—can only too well be imagined. That it would make either for the security of the Empire or for the preservation of the world's peace can only be believed by those who share Mr. Brailsford's idealistic theory of the angelic nature of Demos. War is admittedly an evil, though not necessarily the worst of all evils; and the burden of modern armaments is increasingly oppressive. But we shall neither abolish the one nor escape from the other by fitting caps upon wrong heads, or by ignoring plain facts in an obstinate championship of unworkable theories.

## Shorter Reviews

*The Bonds of Society.* By JOHN SUTHERLAND. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS book is a consideration of the phenomena of civilisation, their origins, manifestations and prospects. It ranges over vast fields of sociological speculation, and discusses the motives which actuate humanity, the directions taken by the many factors at work in the world, the relations of classes and individuals, many principles and their applications. It brings together floating ideas on Ethics, Industry, Philanthropy, Art, and Sociology. As the author says in his preface, "the great want is for a theory that might serve to piece together one's thoughts upon the subject so as to maintain some approximation to consistency among them." What the author's theory may be is by no means clear. He makes some mention of evolution, "type-preservation is the first law of life," "the emergence of the most efficient," and various postulates of evolution summarised into Matter, Space, Time, Causality, Death, and Competition, Efficiency, and Co-operation—which he designates as Cohesion—and it is announced that "we are, as it were, endeavouring to formulate a Kinetic Theory of Society," but search may be made in vain for any succinct statement of his theory, whatever it is.

Certainly something is wanting to "link our conceptions of the broader phenomena of civilisation into some sort of concatenation." When an author is so observant, so prolific in suggestion, so dogmatic in his

assertions, so abundant in expression, it would be strange if he failed to bring out some points which, if they are not altogether new, bear repetition and enforcing. Such words as Virtue, Propriety, Love, Intuition, Posterism, Art, Wealth, Fashion, Hygiene, Spirituality, Stability, would, in the hands of a Bacon, be headings for essays which might be immortal. On them the author has hung his ideas of philosophy, practice and life. In his religious views he can hardly be called orthodox when he derides "the doctrine that modern sin can be atoned for by one ancient death" as "so misleading and so preposterous, yet so passionately fought for, so uncompromisingly enforced upon children as the source and fountain head of all morality." It would be easy to quote passages which show independence and fertility on the author's part; but as a whole, the work is distinguished by a verbosity and obscurity which will render it, we fear, unattractive even to patient students of philosophic thought.

*The Training of a Working Boy.* By the Rev. H. S. PELHAM, M.A. With a Foreword by the BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE Bishop of Birmingham, in his foreword, tells us that the author of this book has been successful in training and influencing poor boys "where individuals and even institutions have failed." When we read the work we scarcely need this assurance, for Mr. Pelham speaks out of a full and first-hand knowledge of his subject. It would be difficult to imagine a clearer or better summary of the life of the working boy from his schooldays to his young manhood than these chapters supply. When we call them a summary, it must not be supposed that they are at all scrappy. Although a wide range of topics is covered, there is an adequacy which should commend the book to all social workers and students. The writer tells principally of his work in Birmingham, but his experience and suggestions are valid for almost any large town in any part of England. He deals with the home, the education, the recreation of the boy; with child employment and boy labour; with the problem of the juvenile offender; and with such ways of helping the boy as the club, the summer camp, the university settlement; and with the right type of religious instruction. The book forms an excellent introduction to one branch of social work in which all good citizens ought to be interested.

*The Mysticism of William Law: a Study.* By the Rev. S. HARVEY GEM, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net.)

MYSTICISM appears to be an intellectual fashion just now, judging by the number of books on it that are being issued. This vogue seems to be the chief reason for this present study, for it makes no specially original contribution to our knowledge of William Law. We wish we knew what class of readers the author had in mind when writing it. If he intended it to be a short text-book on Law, then it has much to commend it, for



it is written in what Carlyle would have called the "spoon-meat" style. But in order to make it a really effective text-book it needs either a table of contents or an index, or both; while a brief bibliography would add immensely to its value. If, on the other hand, the manual is intended for the general reader, it scarcely makes good its claim to existence. More than a third of it is employed in studying the non-mystical part of Law's work; and when we do get to the mysticism, too many pages are taken up in defining Christian mysticism generally, which we imagine is already fairly clear to almost any reader who might be tempted to purchase the book. The brief space allotted to Law's mysticism is, however, admirably clear and well illustrated; but there was surely enough thought-provoking matter in this topic alone to fill a whole book of this size. Mr. Gem mentions several writers to whom he is indebted, but we miss Dr. Alexander Whyte, whose masterly short study we think he must have consulted.

## Fiction

*Quinneys'.* By H. A. VACHELL. (John Murray. 6s.)

**J**OE QUINNEY, dealer in antique furniture, suffered at the outset by being the son of a dishonest parent whom he despised; the book opens with the death of the father and Joe's marriage, and thence it traces the career of Joe through days of business growth in Melchester, up to London, and on to a realisation that people count in life more than things. For Joe, possessing the true collector's instinct, loves his old oak and mahogany, and neglects his wife and daughter: so does the author, and so do we, as readers, for the accounts of Joe's commercial victories and defeats engross us to such an extent that we almost resent the reappearance of the rather colourless wife, and the minx of a daughter who teaches her father that human interests should be put before impersonal business items.

The skill with which the business side of the book is written is attested by the hold that it has over the reader in comparison with the personal side, for it is not until the last dramatic scene is reached that the wife and daughter really compel as characters; and Joe shows himself a very human being indeed, with a far greater love for his people than for his things. But we feel some inconsistency in this; naturally, his business was in his own mind only a means to an end. He knew that at the root of his impulses was the desire to provide for his own; it was such a unique business, though, and Joe was such a good business man, that when we hear him talking of it in the way he does to his women folk, we feel that the man is hardly true to his own character. This, of course, may be the artistry of the author, who would give us a sense that Joe cannot turn completely round at a minute's notice, but must ring a little false in the hour of his first awakening. Be this as it may, the story grips from first page to end, and forms one of the most entertaining books of the year.

*Private Affairs.* By CHARLES MCEVOY. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

THE novel of family complications can be extremely interesting, simply because it depicts human nature without much strain on our credulity. Readers, notoriously, like to see in print an account of things familiar to themselves—descriptions of the family at breakfast, of the eldest son at his office, of the father in a temper, and the mother at her managing. Mr. McEvoy has pictured the Barnard family excellently, with their little joys and ambitions and sorrows; but it is with Myrtle, who at the age of seventeen is noticed by a real titled London actor-manager and offered immediately the star part in his new play at a salary of forty pounds a week, that the novel is principally concerned. Once we conquer our scepticism as to this tremendous stroke of fortune, the book becomes very engaging. Mr. Barnard's envy and annoyance that his child should earn more than he would ever earn in his life; his objections, and the cool meeting of them by Sir Anthony Bray; the plot to conceal from Myrtle the amount of her salary; the awakening of the girl to life in her new surroundings, with her new friends—all this is exceedingly good. But why did the author leave the book so ragged and so unfinished? It seems that he must have become tired of his work, for he closes inartistically, and the last four chapters are quite unconvincing. Lord Weybridge, who falls in love with Myrtle, is a failure; he is made to appear a tongue-tied nonentity—he is not even "strong and silent," but rather a bore. Mr. McEvoy, however, is very happy when exploiting the Barnard family, and for three parts of his story, at least, we can thank him heartily.

*Louis Norbert.* By VERNON LEE. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE sub-title to this book is "a two-fold romance," and it speaks well for the skill of the author that both romances are interesting, though the end of one is known at the outset, and the plot of the other proves disappointing. Lady Venetia Hammond, described as a delightful siren of uncertain age, succeeded in interesting the young archaeologist in a seventeenth-century romance concerning the death of Louis Norbert, a young Frenchman whom her ancestor brought up from childhood, but who might have been a son of Louis XIV of France—and, again, might not. The lady and the archaeologist conduct a long correspondence on the subject, she in England and he in Italy. Their finds concerning young Norbert make the second romance, while they themselves make the first. When they have come to the end of their discoveries, their own romance also ends—how, it would not be fair to say, except that the end of their story is not as the reader thinks it would be. The writer displays her full amount of erudition in the compilation of this dual romance, which, not likely to cause any great stir in the world of fiction, will provide an hour or two of pleasant reading for such as may be in search of scholarly work, in which the literary value is of as much importance as the story itself.

## Music

THE correspondence in the *Times* between M. Ravel, the composer, and M. Diaghilew, the director of the Russian company at Drury Lane, does not seem to have excited much interest among the amateurs. Not one in a hundred has so much as heard about it. Ravel protests that his "Daphnis and Chloe" is not being given to us as he intended it should be given, with an unseen choir adding its notes to those of the orchestra in certain scenes. He says that the version now presenting at Drury Lane without any choir was specially arranged by himself for use in smaller theatres and smaller cities, and that the mutilated score ought not to be given in great London on the stage of an historic theatre. M. Diaghilew appears to think that the second version is the best, and that he is within his rights in using it here. Into the legal question raised we cannot, of course, enter. But since we expressed a slight feeling of disappointment with M. Ravel's music, it is necessary to say that since the first performance we have been able to make some study of the original score, and that it certainly seems to us that the omission of the choral portions must be a grievous loss. M. Ravel's effects are never lightly conceived. The exquisite variety and pliancy of tone which he knows how to produce are the delightful result of no haphazard experiments. He has arranged his music so that it will stand without the added tones of the humming voices, but that the full beauty of his design can be known when these are absent, we do not believe. It is a great pity, surely, that M. Diaghilew did not see his way to the carrying out of the composer's intentions.

For we are listening at Drury Lane, just now, for the most part, to "arrangements." The operas of Moussorgsky and Borodin could not, we are told, have been presented in the incomplete state in which their composers left them, and the favourite ballets, such as "Les Sylphides," "Carneval," "Scheherazade," are frankly adaptations to the scene of music already composed to a different end. What is to be said, however, of the treatment to which Rimsky-Korsakoff's last opera, the beautiful "Coq d'Or," has been subjected? That the Drury Lane presentment of it is delightfully enjoyable we do not deny. We enjoyed every minute of it, the lovely music, the gorgeous scenes, the drollery and the dancing. But we were hearers and spectators of something almost wholly different from that which the composer meant us to hear and see. We had the singers, soloists and choir, clad in dark red robes, seated, tier upon tier, as at a choral festival, on either side of the stage. The actors, who did not open their mouths, save in dumb show, were the famous dancers of the Ballet Company, Mme. Karavina, MM. Bolm, Cecchetti, etc., with a very clever Mme. Jezierska, whose name is not so familiar. The action was, therefore, that of a pantomime ballet, and a very comic one too. It took some time to adjust one's senses to this dualism, and we cannot pretend that it was satisfactory, in spite of the excellence of

the vocal performers. It was impossible not to concentrate the attention on the extremely funny and clever doings of the actors, at the expense of the music—one was aware that beautiful music was accompanying the scene, but it was felt to be an accompaniment, and not the chief attraction. Moreover, some large "cuts" had been made, and what we knew to be some of the finest music was thus sacrificed.

We have said that we enjoyed it immensely, but we could not get rid of an uncomfortable feeling that the pleasure was a kind of treason against the poor dead composer, who could enter no protest against what he would have considered an inglorious travesty of his work. His representatives, indeed, have attempted to prohibit the "arrangement in ballet form" of "Le Coq d'Or," but without success. Rimsky-Korsakoff published his opera with a preface in which he made the clearest statement of his wishes with regard to it. "The composer permits no 'cut' to be made." "Interpreters sometimes mingle a sort of ordinary speech with their musical phrases, thinking to obtain thereby comic or dramatic or realistic effects. These interrupt the melodic and harmonic order of the opera, and the impression made by it suffers accordingly. The composer desires that in all his operas the artists shall interpret their parts with the strictest accuracy." "As the composer has previously directed, in prefaces to earlier operas, he insists that during lyric passages the artists on the stage who are not singing must not by any action of theirs distract the attention of the public. *An opera is, before all things, a musical work.*" Here are some of his warnings, and, as though he wished to give a particular illustration of his intention that the music must always be the first consideration, he desires that "the Dance of the Queen and Dodon shall be so arranged that the breathing of the singers be not impeded by too quick or brusque movements."

It is evident that he meant "Le Coq d'Or" to be an opera and nothing but an opera, but we are shown it as primarily a farcical ballet, with vocal and instrumental accompaniment, and with "cuts." The music is so charming, so graceful, so gay, so melodious, that it could not have failed to make its effect. But we ought to have been able to listen to it much more attentively. Our attention was distracted from it to the comic miming of the actors, even though the singers, sitting in their solemn stillness, could breathe as freely as the composer wished them to do. It may be that the entertainment, as we have been permitted to enjoy it, is, as a matter of fact, a more agreeable one than if it had been performed strictly according to the composer's intentions. But we would have preferred to know it in its original form, even at the cost of the dancing and the funniments. The scenery and costumes, for once, are not from M. Bakst, but are due to the genius of a lady, Mlle. Nathalie Goutcharova. Very splendid, indeed, they are. The dancing is, of course, the design of M. Fokine, and M. Bolm was inimitable as the absurd old king whose real love is that delightful nymph called Laziness, and who is so



unkindly punished for his temporary subjection to the charms of Queen Karsavina of Shemakhan.

The *première* of Stravinsky's eagerly awaited "Rossignol" took place under unfortunate conditions. The evening was very hot, and the theatre was as stifling as it was full. The order of performance had been changed at the last moment, and those who had hurried to be at Drury Lane by 8 o'clock to hear Steinberg's "Midas" and then the "Rossignol" found the curtain going up for "Scheherazade." M. Cooper did not get to work on Stravinsky till 9, and the waits between the acts were so long that the little piece was not finished till 10.30, and "Midas" began at 11, by which time the appreciative energies of the audience were probably exhausted. The first act of the "Rossignol," written five years ago, is easy and gracious, quite intelligible to anyone who has conquered the language of—shall we say?—M. Debussy. The orchestration is marvellous, and the impression made by the music while the Fisherman waits in the dawning light for the nightingale's song is of haunting beauty. But the music of the succeeding acts is harder to construe. Here we come to the language adopted by Stravinsky in the "Sacre du Printemps," though we must admit that its rigours have been softened a little. Or is it merely that our ears are getting more inured to the Stravinskian idiom? Certainly there seemed more discretion in the dissonances of the "Rossignol" than in those of the "Sacre." Whether we shall ever come to call this music "beautiful" we are unable to say. But if at first we did not find it beautiful in the ordinary sense, it never offended us, and our perpetual wonder at the composer's extraordinary power of orchestration took the place, perhaps, of desire to have our senses soothed by mere beauty. The man is amazing. What novelty! What invention! We must not miss a single performance of this "Rossignol." Hans Andersen's exquisite story needs no praise, and the adapters have done their work very charmingly. They could not put everything in, of course, but we could have wished they had found room for that delicious illustration of the Nightingale's popularity, how, if two people met, one said nothing but "Nightin" and the other said "Gale," and they both sighed and understood one another. Stravinsky's setting of this would have been perfect, we may be sure.

Mlle. Dobrowolska sang the music of the Nightingale from a place in the orchestra, and she sang it remarkably well. But M. Stravinsky has not written strains that resemble a nightingale's song in the smallest degree, though his frog and his lowing cow are realistic, and throughout the Court scene the music has a miraculous appropriateness. Nightingales never try to see how high they can go; they keep well within their soft mezzo-soprano compass, and never try to startle their mates with "coloratura" passages. M. Warfolomeiew sang the poetic music of the Fisherman charmingly, and all the performers were good, though, on the whole, the tenderly pathetic note in Hans Andersen's story was drowned by the much louder comic note. The *décor*, by M. Benois, was, perhaps, the most splendid that we have ever seen.

Concerts have been numerous. It was very pleasant to hear Miss Fanny Davies play Bach and Schumann and a sonata of Beethoven with that effect of naturalness which comes only from the finest kind of love and study, and also a grand set of variations by Liszt on a bass of Bach, which was quite new to us. Miss Hempel sang brilliantly one day at Queen's Hall, when Miss Isolde Menges added much to the success of the concert by playing the once popular 8th Concerto of Spohr, and playing it perfectly. Miss Alma Gluck, too, gave a recital of songs at Queen's Hall on Saturday, and made everyone who heard her pray that she may soon give another. She is indeed an artist!

## "Academy" Acrostics

### CONDITIONS.

THERE will be 12 weekly Acrostics. Prizes of £5, £3, and £2 will be awarded to those who are first, second, and third on the list with correct solutions. One point will be awarded for each correct light. The Acrostic Editor's decision on all questions, whether appeals, ties, or division of prizes, must be accepted as final.

Answers should reach THE ACADEMY office not later than the first post on the Thursday morning following the date of the paper in which the Acrostic appears, and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(First of the Series.)

We start herewith a venture new,  
And send a wish to all of you,  
A pleasant wish that's often sent  
To friends on fresh adventure bent.

- (1) "There's rue for you"; see that you've skillfully used it.  
When Oliver Twist asked for more, they refused it.
- (2) Alloy of copper, tin, and zinc;  
It's bronzed metallic ware. Now, think!
- (3) "Dost know this water fly?"
- (4) A disadvantage now you're at;  
But be courageous, don't do that!

E. N.

Under the title of "The Flower of Peace," a collection of the religious poetry of Katharine Tynan will be published by Messrs. Burns and Oates on June 29. The book will be a beautiful one, hand-set, printed on hand-made paper, and bound in parchment with a seventeenth-century cover design in gold.

## The Theatre

### "Well-made" Plays, the Old and the New

VICTORIEN SARDOU was supposed to be the master of the "well-made" drama in the last century, and if you want to see just how he made one of his earliest efforts in this direction we strongly advise you to go to the Criterion, where there is an admirable and new adaptation by Mr. Frederick Fenn, who has given us so much clever work, under the old title of "A Scrap of Paper."

It will be remembered that Mr. Palgrave Simpson supplied the first English version of "Les Pattes de Mouche" in 1861, and that many years later Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and a simple-hearted public, endowed it with immense popularity. Now the atmosphere and the costumes of the 'sixties, and the sentiment and the art of an even earlier period, are presented for our amusement with infinite skill and industry and a fair amount of success.

"Diplomacy," which we look upon as an absolutely ridiculous piece of stage machinery, has recently had an enormous run; thus we are encouraged to trust that the venture of Miss Nancy Price and Mr. Lyn Harding may be largely appreciated. The main difference between the present "Scrap of Paper" and that of the Kendals is, of course, in the attempt to reproduce the original period; but the fact that the play is now treated—from time to time—on broadly farcical lines is also new, we believe. The result is a little confused. Mr. Lyn Harding, under the name of Francis Lightly, is funny with the bright humour of an old-fashioned amateur. Indeed, that note of a country-house theatrical party somehow haunts the work of the clever company. Miss Nancy Price, the important Susan Lawless, who hunts her sister's old love-letter and her sister's old lover, minces and over-acts like a gifted amateur. Mr. Eille Norwood as Lord Icebrook, the husband of the loser of the letter, is as unreal as his name, and almost makes us forget that he is one of the best actors on the English stage. The clever Mr. H. O. Nicholson, as Professor Horatio Titmouse, is supposed to supply the elderly humour of the play, and makes us feel very, very sad. His make-up alone is a lesson in the amateurism of the 'sixties. As Lucy, Lady Icebrook, Miss Margaret Halstan looks divinely beautiful and plays with perfect sincerity and grace—just outside the farcical picture. Miss Mièle Maud makes a delightful mid-nineteenth-century girl in a delicious riding habit and hat as Barbara Merivale, and Miss Rowena Jerome looks as pretty as she is told she is in the character of the maid, Pauline.

The hunt for the little note that Lucy wrote to Francis three years ago, before she was married to the absurd Icebrook, goes forward but at no very brisk pace. How could it, with so aged an idea hanging about it?

There is always the feeling that one word of explanation to Icebrook, fool as he is made to appear, would

finish the play at any moment. And thus the cleverness of the adaptation and the skill of the players do not take very full effect upon the audience. But that it is an interesting attempt to resuscitate an extinct type of play is certain, and we can only hope that so whole-hearted an undertaking may prove welcome to play-goers.

Very aptly after "A Scrap of Paper," Mr. Frederick Harrison presents at the Haymarket Theatre the well-made play of to-day, "Driven," by Mr. E. Temple Thurston. Intrinsically, its faults are the same as those of Sardou, but they are of our own time, and therefore we accept them gladly. The only disappointment we feel is that Mr. Temple Thurston does not present to us just the people he had in his mind. John Staffurth, M.P., Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, proved by no means so noble and attractive as he was said to be; his young wife, Diana, Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who overhears that she has only two years to live, really did not play the game, and the lover she proposes to use for her amusement, Captain Furness, Mr. Owen Nares, was hardly consistent.

We bring an immense supply of sympathy to any play we see, but we are at a loss on whom to lavish it in "Driven." Not on Diana, for we never believed the pompous Sir William Medlicott, M.P., Mr. Lyall Swete, and his sycophantic friend, Dr. Maudslay, Mr. Cyril Harcourt, when they pronounced her doom; but had perfect faith in the doctor played by Mr. Howell, who had two surnames, Passley-Evans, and no front name. This marked him out as an unusual personage, and we believed in his treatment from the first, although all the characters of the play readily accepted the opinion of the two obvious humbugs, Medlicott and Maudslay. Nor could we feel for John, the elderly husband whose mind and heart seemed dry as dust. He possessed none of the charm Mr. Aubrey Smith usually shows—in fact, he did things that Mr. Smith would never really have done. It is hardly possible to be very friendly to Captain Furness, who is out for sport and does not like the idea of a lady who, by all accounts, is so soon to die; so perhaps we may be allowed to offer our genuine fellow-feeling to Miss Ruth Mackay, who as Barbara Cullen has to potter in and out of the action and be terribly kind and nice to her friends, John and Diana. She also has to be called "a dear thing," which makes one feel very deeply for her.

Thinking that death is very close to her, Diana means to "live" her little day. This determination resolves itself into her arranging to leave John, make Furness throw up his career, and dash about with her in many exciting parts of the world. But the well-made play is full of artful little surprises and many happy touches of character and humour.

Neither man is quite the right thing for Diana; one is a wooden member of Parliament, and the other—well, the other expects her to sup at his rooms when she thinks he ought not to have hoped for such utter bliss. So when Diana's health is perfectly restored by the admirable doctor with two surnames and no other, she



is very glad to return to the complete and rather stupid confidence of her husband; and the Captain is considered very ill-mannered and that sort of thing for having been a little shocked to find that he was about to run away with a dying woman. We should think that after the curtain came down Diana would pass into a comfortably intriguing wife and live several lives quite happily ever after.

The vitality and interest of "Driven" is mainly owing to the powerful and delightful acting of Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who returns to the stage after what seems to us a very long holiday. But the play is well made and the action is neat; it should be popular, partly because it is new and not very artistic. In "The Scrap of Paper" you have the development of incident and its effect on cut-and-dried characters; in "Driven" you have the development of character affected by the action of various somewhat arbitrary incidents. In any case, you should see both plays, for they are full of interest from a dozen different points of view, and are acted with perfect sincerity and presented in the most handsome way possible.

### The Pioneer Players

THE latest production of this society has been managed by Miss Edith Craig, which is another way of saying that it is excellently carried out and that each of the three plays presented is well worth seeing.

We are not told who adapted the dramatic episode from the story of Guy de Maupassant here called "The Duel," but it is very well done and gave Mr. Harcourt Williams an admirable opportunity as the young Vicomte, who, having entered upon a duel in high spirits, becomes during the night utterly unhinged. Finally, he shoots himself rather than go through the ordeal he has so elaborately planned with his friend, Colonel Bourdin—Mr. Frederick Lloyd—who acted very convincingly. Mr. Harcourt Williams has not been seen to such advantage for some time, and he certainly played the Vicomte who loses his nerve much better than anything we have seen of late—better than the impossible, old-fashioned jingle part he seemed to suffer so gladly in "The Jones" at the Strand; better than his "Paphnutius" produced by this society some time ago. In the earlier part of the play, however, he was rather handicapped by being constantly alluded to as a "handsome young dog," and that sort of thing. He is a very clever and hardworking actor, but that he looked handsome, young, or a dog—in the best meaning of the word—as the Vicomte Gontran Joseph de Signoles are matters open to some doubt.

#### "THE LEVEL CROSSING."

This is a concrete tragedy by Mrs. Herbert Cohen, in which Mr. Fisher White as John Gibbs and Miss Elaine Sleddall played uncommonly well. Gibbs has married Rizpah rather against her will, for she had loved Jim, who had been killed at the level crossing some years ago. The son born of the marriage of John

and Rizpah had Jim for his father; the son, too, was killed at the level crossing. Gibbs breaks his leg at the crossing, and after Rizpah has been for some time in a hospital she tells her husband the true story of their relations, how very definitely she hates him, and how "love means sacrifice" and a good many other things; then she, too, goes to the level crossing and her life is closed. There is much skill in the telling of the story, but as a picture of life it is too dark in tone, too much an interlude of misery to hold our attention for long. A study in futility follows this picture of black care.

#### "IDLE WOMEN"

is a most agreeable little scene in Grosvenor Square, where Lady Ditcham, Miss Mary Jerrold, intends to form a new religion with the aid of some nice fashionable people and a gifted boy, the young leader of the Bungiun Gars. Of course, a mislaid Cockney boy is happened upon by the lady's maid, and the meeting is made absurd by his appearance, after being undressed and washed, in Lady Ditcham's Chinese coat; but the affair is more justly ridiculous by reason of the author's satirical and truthful drawing of the hurrying, purposeless women of the day. Miss Magdalen Ponsonby's play has been published in book form (Arthur L. Humphreys, 1s. net), and we fancy it reads even better than it plays. Miss Susie Claughton's Lady Mordaunt, for example, is very agreeable on the stage, but does not quite carry out Miss Ponsonby's biting description of her in the printed play as "wife of Sir Thomas Mordaunt (a negligible quantity). She is a courtesan of high life, and therefore very moral and Christian in her conversation. Being no longer young, she is turning her attention to studying the Local Government Board and the next world." However, these things are the author's secrets; we learn very little of them in the amusing sketch which is effectively adapted from the book before us. In this necessary process we miss one character sadly—it is Flannery O'Hooligan, of whom we are told that he is a "sub-minor poet with 'ondulède' hair and Prince Consort whiskers, who has been made into a Saturday-to-Monday lion by society; he suffers in consequence from self-importance and consciousness." But although he is gone, plenty of people are left to make the lively play telling. Miss Jerrold and Robert Parry, as the wicked little boy who accepts the position as Tenno, who is supposed to answer for the religion that is the Knowledge of what Knowledge is, give the most fun and help "Idle Women" to be a genuine piece of ironic comedy.

EGAN MEW.

### The Bradfield Play

THE Bradfield Greek Play occupies a place apart among academical entertainments, which generally leave behind an exhilarating feeling of duty performed and a resolution never to do it again. The conditions at Bradfield on a really hot day, with thunder in the offing, are rather trying, as the theatre lies at

the bottom of a cup, and air is unprocurable, even by the use of the regulation fans. But the performance is extraordinary, and is worth a considerable amount of discomfort. There is nothing perfunctory about it; everything is done as well as possible. The production is made to approximate, as closely as is reasonable without pedantry, to the production of a play in ancient Athens; the *Cothurnus* and other particularly indigestible features of the ancient methods are sacrificed to the greater realism, but nearly everything else is a good reconstitution of what must have been. The principals mingle a restraint beyond their age with a verve that is seldom granted to members of their sex at that age, while the devotion and concentration of the chorus is exemplary. We think that the "Alcestis" of this year was a shade less excellent than the "Agamemnon" of three years ago, but that is possibly due to the character of the play, which may not be, as has been hinted, a farce, but is far from being a typical Greek play, since Fate is not the principal actor on the stage. The outstanding performance was Mr. Hollowell's Heracles, in which the homely and the heroic were admirably blended, but Mr. Mortimer was majestic as Alcestis, and Mr. de Moubray gave us the selfish fatuity of Admetus. No one was weak, and the spectator was left with the irresistible impression of pains taken and by no means wasted, of an art that was the resultant of many wills, and of a sure but concealed hand that guided everything to its proper end.

R. F. S.

## The Magazines

THE personality of Tolstoi will always remain one of permanent interest, if only because of the gratification it gives to the mind that always loves a paradox. His work is always a protest against himself and his own nature. The revolt it expresses is primarily a revolt against his own insurgent desires and mind; and that type of personality, when it has delivered itself in books of permanent interest, creates a personal problem always more interesting than that which frankly expresses itself in direct autobiography. It is an interest that should be satisfied to be just, and perhaps it is hardly likely that we shall receive a very frank account of any man from his own son. At any rate, in this month's *Fortnightly*, Count Ilya Tolstoi gives his "Reminiscences of Tolstoi." The interest is not as yet very profound, but he restricts himself to recollections from early youth, and so his scope is limited. We hope that later on he will do his father the very rare service, nowadays, of being entirely frank about his faults. Mr. Swift MacNeill writes upon "The Tory-Parnell Home Rule Alliance, 1885," in an article that should be serviceable in showing that the Tory Party is not necessarily committed to opposition when the question of legislative independence for Ireland is under consideration. Professor Gerothwohl writes upon the late "Edward Dowden" in a finely appreciative

article. Perhaps the appreciation is a little over-done, but that is a permissible fault so soon after Professor Dowden's death. A useful contribution is by Mr. V. Hussey Walsh on "The French General Election." He avoids the party attitude which the Entente Cordiale has imposed on the present English outlook on French matters, and so succeeds in giving us an accurate account of the state of affairs. Mr. Courtney continues his lecture on "The Idea of Comedy," the first half of which he printed last month.

In the magazines there is a noticeable diminution in the attention given to Federalism. It fluctuates according to the success which it may serve as a political red herring; but in this month's *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Edgar Crammond deals with the "Financial Problems of Federalism." He provides some figures, however, that are profoundly interesting, and his article is well worth reading, if only as an examination of the finances of the British Isles. M. André Géraud concludes his essay on "A New German Empire: the Story of the Baghdad Railway." He writes from a very bitter partisan point of view, but he displays a detailed knowledge of his facts.

There is a strange story in the *English Review* by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, entitled "Vin Ordinaire." The precise reference of the title to the story is not easy to discover, nor is it easy to say why the story, though powerfully written, should be fundamentally unsatisfactory. Mr. Bernhard Sickert, in an excellent article entitled "Democratic Painting and the Desophistication of the Eye," deals with the theme of Mr. Charles Marriott's powerful novel, "Subsoil." He need not apologise for this, after "the voluminous writings in the magazines and papers for the last four or five years," for it so happens that the novel he chooses is a remarkable book. He combats it well; and we have found his article the best reading in the present number. It would, perhaps, be unfair to say that a good text makes a good sermon, or dissertation, for that is not always true; but there is no doubt that a good deal of his interest was there ready waiting for him. Mr. Sydney Brooks writes on "President Wilson." He conveys a good deal of information, but his article is no exception to the usual type of glorification of a man who no doubt is excellent and most worthy, but who is beginning to fade from reality in a cloud of extolling. Mr. David Alec Wilson has an admirable essay on "The Arnold Case and the Privy Council" that should be widely read.

The *British Review* also deals with the French Elections, and the situation they have aroused, through M. Paul Parsy. "Les Elections Législatives en France: Leur Signification," puts one well into touch with the personalities that sway the issue at the moment in France, and intimates exactly the forces these personalities have behind them, and it thus makes profitable reading. Among the poems, one by Miss Maisie Badford is welcome in the usual poor choice of poetry in this magazine. Mr. Arnold White writes upon "The Coming Class War." "Revolver-shots in the House of



Commons, the burning of Westminster Abbey, spoliation of the undefended wealth in the British Museum, are among the lesser evils that will accompany the outbreak of the Class War," Mr. White says in a sufficiently lurid picture that concludes with the "inconvenience when a *sootnia* of Cossacks or two squadrons of German Dragoons mount guard at the Bank of England." Apparently, Mr. White is quite in earnest. We wish he may have fewer bad dreams. An article that will seem dull by contrast, but which happens to be of the very highest importance, is entitled "Through Practical Spectacles: Things as Seen by a Foreman Bricklayer." If men were to read fewer of such writers as Mr. White and more of such men as this good foreman bricklayer, there would be a good deal more intelligence in the general conduct of affairs.

Mr. Bernard Holland's account of Alfred Lyttelton in the *Cornhill* is interesting as coming from one who knew intimately this English gentleman whose loss was so great both to his friends and to his country. This essay is worth preserving, for it gives a clear, true picture of the kind of man who helped to make England great and, perhaps what is even more difficult, respected. "No other country," says Mr. Holland, "could have produced him, not even Scotland, nor could he have come of any other class. . . . The Lytteltons had been of the Worcestershire gentry from the time of Henry III at least. . . . He was English of the very best type, and the world has nothing better than that. Mr. Asquith well said that Alfred Lyttelton was what every English father would like his son to be." Sir Henry Lucy continues his amusing story of "Sixty Years in the Wilderness"; a detailed description is given of the Battle of Bannockburn by the Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell; and a long hitherto unpublished poem by Mrs. Browning, entitled "An Epistle to a Canary," takes up the first seven pages of the magazine.

To the general reader perhaps the most interesting article in *Wild Life* for June is Mr. W. S. Berridge's "Fish Out of Water," which describes several flying, climbing, and other fish who can leave their natural element for a while without inconvenience; there are mud-fish able to live out of water for weeks on end. Other articles which will attract the attention of the many are "The Ways and Wiles of Stoats" and "The Bird-Catcher." The numerous illustrations from the life are, as usual, a special feature of the magazine.

The June issue of the *Tourist* is the first of a new series, and the editor is to be congratulated on the fine paper he presents. The illustrations are as good as any we have seen, and it was a capital idea to introduce short stories and sketches. Travel articles remain a predominant feature, but the whole appearance of the paper is improved, and it may now be regarded as of equal value to the ordinary monthly magazines. Several new features distinguish the June *Windsor Magazine* as the first number of a new volume, and give promise to an important and varied programme for the ensuing half-year. A new series of romantic stories from diplo-

matic life is begun by Justus Miles Forman. The opening story of the new series, "The Countess Alla," is a drama of powerful interest, finely illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst. Two entertaining short stories are contributed by W. L. George and Albert Kinross, and a large instalment of Sir H. Rider Haggard's romance, "The Holy Flower." *Harper's* has an able article by Burton J. Hendrick on "American Contributions to Medical Science," valuable to all who follow the development of surgery. A story of "Jones of the Fourth Dimension" avoids the error of the "then-he-woke-up" ending, and is really a clever thing, though it has missed some chances. The travel pages are excellent, as usual, and Professor Lounsbury has a good essay on "The First Dictionary of Americanisms."

We do not profess to understand every contribution in the *Theosophic Path*, a resplendent monthly that reaches us from California. "Some Old French Châteaux," however, a beautifully illustrated article, is within our mental grasp, and there are several other highly interesting items in the magazine, apart from specially theosophical essays. The paper, printing, and general appearance of the *Path* are superb. The *Poetry Review* contains some verse of excellent value, and reprints Mr. Balfour's fine address on "Argument in Verse." The best thing in the *Journal of the Imperial Arts League* is a satirical article on the behaviour of the Chelsea Borough Council with reference to the panels in the Town Hall; but Mr. Harold Speed discusses in illuminating fashion "Art and the Representation of Visual Nature." The *Journal of English Studies* has a timely essay on "English Composition," by J. A. Peers, M.A., which should be read and pondered by all teachers. The *Australian Review of Reviews*, copies of which for April and May have just reached us, improves upon its previous issues; its articles are excellent, and it shows a capable editorial hand by its selection of material that shall present the movement of affairs all over the world.

## Indian Reviews

THE *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta) for April is interesting for the papers it contains, rather than for the occurrences announced. Comparatively few events happen in the hot weather. The principal paper is the report of the last Convocation speech of Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, at the close of his Vice-Chancellorship of the Calcutta University, held for the unprecedented period of eight years. During this time the University has been remodelled under new regulations: science, Bengali language and literature, law, have all been advanced by handsome endowments. The speaker complained of Government interference, and gave instances; he claimed a wider scope of independent action. The Bombay University, similarly, is contemplating costly new buildings and fresh developments. These measures are as important to India as similar changes would be in the oldest English

Universities, perhaps more so. Public spirit is prominent in Bombay. This journal has some sensible remarks on the responsibilities of the Indian students and on common sense in hygiene, much more valuable for its readers than the essays on "Hamlet" and astronomy.

In the *Modern World* (Madras) the inaccuracies and half-truths are not very creditable to the writers. The Government are said to hesitate to part with power (in delaying to extend self-government) for reasons best known to themselves. There is no secrecy about the reasons. The experiments made in this direction have not been satisfactory. It is untrue to say that the Government have deprived the Press of its liberty to report and summarise Court proceedings. Legislation has been directed against licence and the abuse of liberty, against improper reports. An absurd charge is made against the recent Commission on Indian Finance that nothing substantial is recommended so as to make the Indian system of Currency independent and progressive. Another equally ridiculous charge is to attribute the poverty of the people to the action of Government; it is notorious that the people are slowly rising in prosperity. Again, the voice of the people is said to be rendered "inaudible in the official Legislative Councils"—Councils in which there are non-official majorities. A plea for Uniform Democratic Suffrage, for men and women alike, by an Englishman, formerly a Parliamentary candidate, is hardly worth printing in an Indian journal. Co-operation in rural sanitation is much more feasible, but deeds, not words, are required. The Hindustani Association in America is surely out of place.

The *Hindustan Review* (Allahabad) for April contains another discursive paper, by an Indian Nationalist, which passes from political reflections, from remarks about industrialism and the evolution of Modern Germany, to a disquisition on Indian spirituality—an essay of little practical use. A writer on "Aviation in Ancient Hindustan" very sensibly points out that certain references in early Hindu writings, the Ramayana, for instance, to locomotion through the air in no way justify a belief in ancient knowledge and use of the mechanical aeroplane; modern scientific inventions were altogether unknown to the ancients, pre-eminent though they were in metaphysics and philosophy. "Woman in Islam" is another attempt to argue that, because Muhammed improved things in Arabia, therefore his ideal of womanhood is as high as any ever conceived by man. It is about time that the claim of Islam to superiority in the treatment of women should be again exposed. The system of endowing the bride on the occasion of a marriage in Bengal is being widely discussed. There is an anti-dowry crusade, and by many the custom is regarded as pernicious. After all, it is a social custom which the people may be left to settle for themselves. An article on the Press in India in 1913-14 may be commended for its tone and the information it contains.

The *Asiatic Review* (London) of May endeavours to maintain the high standard it reached under its former

editors. Its articles vary in merit. The partisan Indian view is represented in a paper which finds no fault in the Indian record of the Liberal Government, except the use of the Deportation Regulation. Lord Hardinge's policy is belauded more than other opinions justify. A scheme for utilising the Native Chiefs is propounded, but it may be doubted whether they would care to be thus utilised. The best paper is Sir Richard Temple's account of the Andaman Penal System, his *apologia pro labore suo* of ten years. He rightly deprecates the contemplated tinkering with a system which has been so successful. This review will be unwise to degenerate into a vehicle for exploiting alleged grievances. For instance, it has been found necessary for Government to take some power to check seditious utterances in the Indian Press. It hardly becomes this review to speak of such legislation as a grievance requiring urgent attention to the Press Laws.

## At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

IN November, 1875, Lord Beaconsfield acted on a shrewd suggestion of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the journalist, and bought 176,602 shares of £20 each out of 400,000 shares in the Suez Canal Company, belonging to the Khedive of Egypt, who was hard up. They cost £4,080,000, and people held their breath at the audacity of this unique transaction. Winston Churchill was born on November 30, 1874, and nearly forty years later he is following this great example. On Wednesday week he came down to the House and proposed to invest £2,200,000 in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Let us try and condense into a few lines what he took nearly an hour to explain to a thin but interested House.

Coal must for a long time be the staple fuel of the Navy, but we have built oil ships and we must have oil. The price is going up, and, although he declared we had a supply which would last for many months, even in the case of a great naval war, he was not easy in his mind. He was not satisfied to be at the mercy of the oil trusts. The price had already doubled against us, and he was determined to stop "the squeeze." He had looked about and finally pitched upon this company as a suitable ally, for it owned a territory the size of France and Germany put together at the head of the Persian Gulf. The oil was of good and sufficient quality. He did not mean to rely upon it for all his supply, or even for half his supply. He glanced at Mr. Samuel Samuel, the new member for Wandsworth—"I want to be free of the oil ring and to frustrate any effort to corner the oil supply of the world," he said.

A deeply interesting debate followed. Samuel told me he thought it would not be etiquette for him to speak, knowing how deeply he was interested in the Shell, the Royal Dutch, and other companies, but he



got up from time to time and defended his brother Sir Marcus and the action of his companies. He is not a practised speaker; he is very shy, and did not do much good. Young George Lloyd defended him in a sentence by saying that these personal imputations did not come with very good grace from the Treasury Bench, especially as someone dotted the *i* by murmuring "Marconi."

The critics were not unfriendly, but they said they could not make out why Winston had gone so far. It was in neutral territory; the oil fields were 150 miles from the sea. In war-time the oil would run the risk of capture if it went home via the Suez Canal, and the journey round the Cape was a long one. A pipe line 150 miles in length would require 20,000 men to guard it. The climate meant that there must be native troops, and India could not spare 20,000 troops; why did we not invest £2,000,000 in Canada if we want to spend our money somewhere—not in a country "at the back of beyond," like Khuzistan?

Edward Grey gave the scheme a Foreign Office blessing. He said that at the worst it would require only two brigades of troops to defend the pipe line, and he did not think Russia would mind or be offended. It appears that Pretymann, when at the Admiralty ten years before, had approved of such a scheme, so on the principle that Winston must know more about it than anyone else we let him go on—only eighteen voting against it. Let us hope it will be as good an investment as the Suez Canal shares.

On the next day we had the Local Government Board Vote in Supply; Herbert Samuel was in charge. Griffith Boscawen attacked the Government for doing nothing for housing. Lloyd George's experiments in Budget making had killed the building trade, and, while slum areas had been cleared, no more houses had been built and the famine in house-room was worse than ever. Herbert Samuel was not so pachydermatous as his predecessor, John Burns, had been; he explained what he had tried to do since he came into office, and promised a good deal. Walter Long, an ex-President of the L.G.B. of wide experience, rather jumped on the "infant Samuel"; he did not think the promises of Ministers were worth the paper they were written on.

As a matter of fact, the Unionists are far ahead of their opponents in the matter; the Radicals know it, and are jealous of the fact; but they are not going to allow them any of the credit if they can possibly help it—they would rather tinker at it in their own way.

On Friday a forlorn and desperately battered Bill appeared. It was called the Children (Employment and School Attendance) Bill—a private member's, which had been fortunate in the ballot, but had met with bad luck ever since. It was to abolish partially the half-time system, whereby the older children spend half their time at school and the other half at work. It had received a severe battering in the Committee-rooms upstairs, and had now reached the report stage. It was very unpopular in Lancashire, where it used to be said children were bred for the purpose of keeping their parents. Handel Booth, a Radical, attacked it

fiercely. Denman, another Radical, the father of the Bill, did all he could to save it; he threw out clauses right and left. Stephen Walsh, the Labour man, said he hated amateur law-givers; but surely he cannot approve of the sloppy and slovenly legislation of the Government? The House then got into rather a muddle on a legal point. None of the Law officers were present to advise, so, as a protest, Goldsmith moved and Banbury seconded a motion to adjourn the debate. This took up a lot of time before it was defeated. When five o'clock struck, very little progress had been made, and the Bill is now in a very delicate state of health. Unless the Government star it and take it under their wing, it is dead, for "private members' Fridays" have nearly come to an end for this session.

"I do not believe that in the history of Parliament the second reading of the Finance Bill has ever been taken in circumstances so extraordinary as those in which the House now finds itself," quoth Walter Long on Monday, towards the end of a slashing attack on the Ministry. What were those circumstances? Let us proceed by stages. A merchant makes up his accounts at the end of the year; a country, having no capital, has to make up its accounts at the commencement of the year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer tells the Commons what he proposes to spend and how he intends to raise the money. There are two rules which must be observed; one is that the House of Commons must consent to the proposals, the second that the Chancellor can only budget for the next twelve months—it is *ultra vires* to budget for longer.

Lloyd George, in his airy way, did not trouble to think of either of these rules. What he wanted was to dip his hand deep down into the pockets of the rich and say, "I intend to spend this money in my own good time in relieving the conditions of the poor." To this end he put the Income Tax up to 1s. 4d., promised to relieve local rates by 9d. in the £, and to do a great many other things. He was pulled up, however, with a round turn. The thoughtful Cassel rose after questions with a carefully prepared speech, and proceeded to ask the Speaker one or two conundrums. Were not the proposed local grants outside the scope of the resolutions on which the Bill was ordered to be brought in?

The Speaker let down the Government as gently as he could. Whilst being the guardian and trustee of rules of order, he has also to see that things do not come to a deadlock if possible. The procedure was clearly out of order, he said, but it might be cured by introducing resolutions in Committee of Ways and Means authorising the clauses which were irregular. He agreed with Cassel that the old-fashioned way of keeping taxation separate from legislation was desirable.

Banbury wanted to know if the proposed extra £690,000 for Ireland was not an alteration of the Home Rule Bill, and, if so, did the clause in the Parliament Act that a Bill could not be altered apply? The Speaker seemed to think that it did not, but

added that it was an ingenious way round the Parliament Act.

Lloyd George is no good at figures, so Samuel was put up to make the best of a bad job. As they could not proceed with their legislation then, they did not want all the money, so they would take 1d. off the Income Tax and postpone the allowance of 9d. in the £ to the local authorities.

The former was due to the protests of the Radical plutocrats, who objected to this method of finance. When Holt presented what Long called in scorn "his wooden gun," the Chancellor, like the opossum, called out at once: "Don't shoot, Colonel—I'll climb down!" and all the evening the Government continued to climb down. There never was so extraordinary a spectacle. "The great Finance Bill of 1914 is crumbling," said Long, and the Chancellor had to admit that he would have to return £50,000 already collected.

The Finance Bill will have to be cut in two; one part to be passed as soon as possible, because of its urgency, and the other half more at leisure. The Chancellor has had to surrender; he has pleased no one—in fact, he has greatly damaged his reputation; but secretly he must have been relieved that the Speaker did not tear up his Budget altogether and tell him to start again.

On Tuesday the Peers politely and solemnly received the Amending Bill, although it was obvious to all concerned that they were taking part in a farce. The Bill merely contained the six years' exclusion which has been repudiated by Carson for months. As I have said all along, Asquith has been playing for time—playing with the Lords, playing with the Commons, and playing with the people—and the only result is that the price he will have to pay is stiffening against him.

In the Commons we had a further debate upon the Finance Bill. Hayes Fisher deplored the fact that the local authorities were to be disappointed in getting the long-delayed amelioration of the rates. Cassel did not seem to think that the new Bill would hold water even now, but would be bound to come to failure. The Radical plutocrats are jubilant over their victory, and I hear that they mean to keep their Committee standing, with a view to seeing that they, at any rate, are not robbed.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

### THE RIDDLE OF CHINA

N EARLY two and a half years have passed since the Manchu Dynasty tottered to its doom, and, amid widespread rejoicing, a Republic was proclaimed. Yet, in spite of the enthusiasm which marked its inception, only in name has this form of Government survived. For Yuan Shih-kai, the masterful personality chosen as China's first President, is now Dictator of the realm. Not the least exaggeration is implied in the

designation thus given him. He alone is the Government of China, the sole power that guides the destiny of a population of four hundred millions of people. No one else in that vast aggregation of individuals is by law invested with initiative authority of any importance in the affairs of State. There is a Ministry, but it is composed of the puppets of Yuan Shih-kai, nominated by him and liable to dismissal at his will. Also, there is a Political Council; but this body, too, is under the discipline of Presidential authority, and its functions are purely advisory. It has taken the place of the Parliament that was dissolved by Yuan Shih-kai when experience showed him that the predominant party was bent upon obstruction, and when after many months in session he found no legislative measures of any importance were forthcoming. No response met his persistent attempts to persuade the Assembly to revise the Provisional Constitution, the terms of which, being framed merely to meet a temporary expedient, were altogether impractical in working over a long period. Instead, a Constitution was drafted the effect of which, so Yuan Shih-kai regarded, would be virtually to invest Parliament with supreme power in the land. As to the course events swiftly took, little criticism need be offered adverse to one side or the other. Fundamental differences of a wholly irreconcilable nature had from the outset drawn a gulf between the head of the State on the one hand and the eager adherents of a full-blooded Republicanism on the other. Here it must not be forgotten that, although Yuan Shih-kai was selected by all parties for the high position which he occupied in the land, as far as the advanced democratic section was concerned his nomination was merely consented to by way of a compromise of the moment, and out of recognition that overwhelming calamity threatened the nation if all differences on the field of battle were not quickly composed.

Once the sword was sheathed, political hostility asserted itself. Was it any wonder that Yuan Shih-kai, whose preference for a Constitutional Monarchy for China had never been concealed, and whose sudden conversion to the principles of Republicanism came as a timely concession to a triumphant cause, should find that distrust of him became deeper and deeper as he engaged in the struggle for more power, even though his requirements in this respect, calmly considered, could not be looked upon as unreasonable? To-day he is President of China under a Constitution of which he himself is the author. His own powers and his own functions he has defined; and, needless to say, his estimate of the extent of these powers and functions, as incorporated in a document of permanent authority, is no narrow or niggardly one. But the victory over the forces of immaturity has not been secured without a devastating conflict. Nor is it, indeed, by any means certain that the position thus won will be maintained for long. A counter revolution organised on a considerable scale has been put down, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen, General Hwang Hsing, and other leaders of red-hot republicanism have fled the country to Japan. Their exile from the scene, however, has not restored



tranquillity. In the south the fires of revolution still smoulder. It is in accordance with historical precedent in China, and hardly surprising amid the general chaos, that the practice of brigandage on a wholesale scale is not devoid of political colour. For more than a year the picturesque figure known as White Wolf, with his few thousand bloodthirsty followers, has stalked the land, committing atrocities the horrors of which know few parallels even in the annals of barbarism, and defying with his guerilla tactics of consummate skill armies that have outnumbered him in the proportion of ten to one. As he passed from province to province, leaving behind him a trail of death, mutilation, and destruction, the echo of the terror he inspired was heard within the distant walls of the Forbidden City itself, where, guarded night and day lest an assassin's knife should be plunged into his heart, Yuan Shih-kai played the rôle of a republican dictator. To-day White Wolf has been driven into the distant province of Kansu, where his depredations have become, so to speak, localised, and, in consequence, his influence as a political factor arrested. But he remains a potential menace to China's tranquillity, and would quickly reappear in force to strike terror into the most vulnerable centres of constituted authority were the Central Government to relax for a single moment its hold upon the provinces.

The iron hand of repression is everywhere visible, and with it the sinister accompaniments necessary for its direction and adjustment. Little semblance of provincial autonomy remains, and the local Assemblies have gone the way of Parliament. To a degree perhaps unparalleled in the long history of China, the fiat of Peking has at last become law throughout the provinces. Large armies are maintained in the field, consisting of ill-paid soldiery who cannot be disbanded for the sufficient reason that there is no money in the Treasury wherewith to pay them, and the generals in command are said to view each other with the deepest suspicion. In many parts of the country martial law is in force. The Press is subjected to a rigorous control. Plots and counter-plots are the order of the day. Wide powers are given to the military commanders and executions are frequent. Generally speaking, in many districts little if any security of life or property exists. Men are saying that conditions have reverted—if, indeed, they ever changed to any perceptible extent—to those that prevailed during the darkest days of Manchu misrule. Corruption continues to flourish, justice remains in suspense, and espionage, conducted as only it can be conducted in China, is part of the system of the State. The paper currency is depreciated and trade disorganised. Over the land, then, still lingers as dark and gloomy as ever the shadow of repression, and no man, howsoever far-seeing his vision, can with confidence predict to-day what will happen to-morrow. The only fact with which we can speak with any certainty is that Yuan Shih-kai, who less than three years ago was induced to leave the solitude of his banishment, has emerged as a Dictator who wields the power of absolutism beneath the cloak of republicanism. His

active foes, no less than his political critics, are legion. Hardly a moment passes when his life is not in peril. Amid an atmosphere electric with tension, he rules with a stoicism which is the outstanding feature of a character strong as steel: in the morning issuing a mandate that the worship of Confucius shall be revived, in the afternoon dispensing hospitality after the European fashion to a large concourse of foreign guests, and in the evening and far into the night attending to State papers, among which are regularly an enormous number of death-warrants waiting to be signed.

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## MOTORING

NO fewer than three important motor shows will be held in London in November next. The great international exhibition organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders will, as usual, be held at Olympia from the 6th to the 14th, and after an interval of a week there will be, in the same place, the supplementary show for motor-cycles and "light cars." According to *The Autocar*, this will differ from its predecessors, inasmuch as the "cycle-car" definition will not be used in any way; instead of that, any two-seated automobile, the retail price of which, equipped for the road and including hood, screen, lamps, and spare wheel, does not exceed £200, will be eligible. This is a satisfactory and sensible departure, as there is now no need for any differentiation between the so-called cycle-cars and ordinary light cars, and there seems no need for longer retention of the former misleading appellation at all. Another desirable innovation is to be introduced into the supplementary show, namely, in the arrangement of the different classes of exhibits. Hitherto, the cars have been dotted about the hall in juxtaposition with ordinary and motor bicycles, whereas at the next show they will all be found together in the annexe. In addition to these two shows at Olympia, the Cordingley Exhibition, which was a regular and interesting institution at the Agricultural Hall for a number of years, is to be revived this year, and will be held at Islington from November 14 to 21. It will be a comprehensive collection, including motor-cars of all types, motor-cycles, motor vans, lorries, 'buses, and boats, as well as accessories of every description. There will thus be a continuous series of motor exhibitions in London from November 6 to 28, and it is quite safe to say that public interest in the exhibits will be keener and more widespread than ever.

Russia is becoming one of the most prominent countries in Europe in respect of the number and importance of its motoring contests and competitions, and the interest displayed by the leading Russian papers in these events indicates that the cult of motoring is developing at a rapid rate throughout the dominions of the Tsar. Following the big race for the Grand Prix of Russia and the speed trials near St. Petersburg came the First

Russian Automobile Club's, held on the 14th inst. near the ancient city of Moscow. This took place on the Vladimir Road, some 35 versts outside the city, about 200 cars competing in the presence of an immense number of spectators. There were 10 classifications of cars according to the engine dimensions, and the fastest time was naturally made by the giant Benz of 125 h.p., whilst the next best was made by the much smaller Vauxhall driven by Mr. Ovsianikoff, which attained a speed averaging 127 versts per hour, beating all categories except the first, in which the big Benz participated. This adds one more to the numerous occasions on which the Vauxhall has upheld the reputation of the British car in Russia.

The 1914-15 edition of the A.A. and M.U. Handbook has made its appearance. It is on the same lines as its predecessors, the main difference being that it is somewhat larger owing to the inclusion of the names of A.A. agents and hotels appointed during the past season, the extension of the patrol system, and the continued expansion of the Association's activities. Considerations of space forbid even a bald enumeration of the contents of the book, but it may be said that they comprise information which is practically indispensable to every motorist on the road. A copy of the Handbook is issued free to every member of the Association.

Continental tourists are requested by the Dunlop Rubber Co. to note that from the 1st of July communications intended for their Belgian branch should be addressed to No. 14, Rue de France, Brussels, where, owing to the increased demand for Dunlop manufactures in Belgium, more commodious offices and larger stores have been taken.

## In the Temple of Mammon

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of the journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Office, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

**I**F anything, there has been a small improvement in tone during the past week, but the improvement has been microscopic; business is practically nonexistent. Indeed, in the Yankee market the dealers celebrated the funeral and made a joke over their ruin. Hardly a man in the House has paid his expenses during the past month. Some firms whose staff costs them £20,000 to £40,000 a year are losing very heavily; whether we shall see an improvement in the autumn is doubtful. There is not likely to be any speculation until the Ulster question is settled. A friend who has recently returned from Belfast says that there is not a Protestant house in the whole of the town that has not a secret store of rifles and ammunition, and it appears that the National-

ists are equally well armed. The City, however, cannot believe that a few politicians will be so stupid as to drag the country into civil war for no reason whatever. The Stock Exchange is confident that we shall arrive at a settlement. Nevertheless, it will do no business until things are in a more settled state.

There is a glut of money; this is the more surprising as we are now at the end of the quarter when the demand for accommodation should be urgent. The Bank of England's position is very strong: so strong that hardly any of the gold offering this week has been purchased. Neither Germany nor France appears anxious to take gold. The United States continues to ship gold coin, but American bankers say that the demand has finished. It is an astonishing thing that the new issues go so badly. It is said that the City of Perm is over-subscribed, but the amount offered was so small that it is possible the bankers took the bonds themselves. The Port of London Authority 4 per cent. stock was, however, taken with some freedom. Borax Consolidated deferred shares have been offered at 38s. 6d. The yield at this price is  $7\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., and considering the risks there appears no reason why the offer should be accepted. The Queen's and High Cliffe Hotel at Margate has offered £30,000 6 per cent. preference. The hotel is well managed, and makes good profits. The City of Kieff asked for £2,116,420 in 5 per cent. bonds at 96 in order to buy up the tramway system; this seems a fair risk considering the yield. Miller, Rayner and Hayson, an outfitters combine, asked the public to purchase £85,000 preference. There are no promotion profits; the business seems to be honestly administered. Union of South Africa has offered 4 million 4 per cent. bonds at 97½. This is a low price for a trustee stock, and the bonds are called at a premium. John Connell and Co. is an old-established Australian firm with a prosperous record. It offers £120,000 5½ per cent. prefs. at par, and those who like Colonial securities will probably subscribe. The shares are well secured both as regards assets and interest.

The papers continue to print elaborate forecasts of the Brazilian loan. The American newspapers tell us that Kuhn Loeb and its allied group will take an interest, and it is also said that the Germans will take up a portion. I believe that all these tales are quite unauthorised. No definite arrangements have yet been made, and it is quite possible that an entirely new complexion will be put upon affairs during the course of the next few weeks. It seems impossible to bring out a loan without the co-operation of the house of Rothschild, and at the moment this firm does not see eye to eye with the other finance houses who are interested in Brazil. Some people say that the Brazil Railway will get 2 millions out of the loan. This seems incredible; the Brazil Railway leases a large number of lines from the Government and has to pay heavy rentals each year. It is impossible that the construction work that it has in hand in connection with these railways can exceed the rentals by more than a few hundred thousand pounds. The Brazil Railway appears to be in a very dangerous condition, so dangerous that it may suit the Brazil Government to take it over altogether.

There is very little business doing in either Chinese or Japanese bonds. China must make a new loan very shortly if she is to suppress the rebellion. Very urgent means have been taken to compel Japan towards economy, and as these means are likely to be successful, there has been some buying of Japanese securities. If they rise any higher holders should certainly sell, for the bulk of Japan's trade is done with China, whose import business is falling away month by month.

The Mexican position has certainly improved. The news given in THE ACADEMY that Huerta was prepared to



resign is now accepted as official. The only thing that prevents the pacification of Mexico is the brigand army of Villa, which is financed by the Yankees. If they withdraw their support, Villa will be compelled to make peace.

The Home Railway market continues extremely depressed, and it is quite clear that we shall get no rise until the Ulster question is finally settled. Dover A are now under 46, and at this price they look a very attractive lock-up. South Eastern and Chatham show a decrease on the week, but the six months' returns will probably prove fairly satisfactory. Also, we must not forget that a wealthy Belgian group have taken up two collieries in Kent, and that one of the largest iron and steel firms in France is financing Guildford, whilst two other collieries have been sold to important syndicates with plenty of money. This means that in three or four years' time Kent will have a large output of coal. No one should buy Dover A with the idea that they are going to get a 10-point rise quickly. But those who can afford to lock up the stock at present price will certainly see a handsome profit.

The American market continues to sleep; this is the more surprising as the Southern Pacific have won a splendid victory and the immense oil lands in California are now definitely assigned to them by a decision of the Supreme Court. This asset is extremely valuable. Southern Pacifics seem quite certain to maintain their dividend, and even at the advanced price look a cheap purchase. Aitchison, Union Pacific and Pennsylvania are all certain to maintain their present dividends. Lehigh may scrape through. In spite of the Missouri Pacific note issue having been arranged, the stock remains dull. It is clear that a reorganisation cannot be avoided. St. Louis and San Francisco must default on its bonds that fall due July 1, and the Rock Island trouble seems far from coming to an end. The Steel figures for the June quarter seem likely to be almost a record as far as dull trade is concerned.

Rubber shares continue steady, but without any business. Sialang maintains its dividend at 15 per cent., and is likely to pay the same for the current year, but the shares are fully valued. Lankat figures are good, and the shares look cheap. Federated Selangor has had a very bad year. The dividend has fallen from 140 per cent. to 50 per cent. Bukit Mertajam seems to be improving its position, and Straits Bertam report is quite good. The dividend is raised to 10 per cent., and the estimate for the current year shows that the company will easily maintain this rate of distribution.

The Oil market continues dull, and the dealers are clearly shaking out all the weak "bull" accounts. As soon as they have done this we may expect a revival. It is certainly the one market in the House in which there has been some sort of gambling. The Spies report is not at all good, but the new plots are turning out well, and it is impossible to doubt that the company will be able to overcome the water difficulty. If the Bashakof plots turn out as badly as the western plots, then, of course, Spies is done for.

There is no business in Mines. The Chartered group appear most uneasy in regard to the position of their company. There is some talk of a rise being engineered in Tanganyika. A Brussels syndicate is said to have been formed for the purpose of putting up the price. But great caution is necessary, as the Brussels gamblers are notoriously clever at getting out. The Planet report is very disappointing; the mine is rich, but no attempt has yet been made to get out the rich ore. Great Fingall seems to be a dead proposition. There is talk of a rig in Golden Horseshoe. Holders should seize the opportunity to unload.

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In the Miscellaneous market the Forestal Land report pleased nobody. The dividend is cut, and although the reserves are over £700,000 they are not represented by investments and only exist on paper. The shares seem safe to sell. Lipton's figures are not particularly satisfactory, but we must await the full balance-sheet before criticising. The Marconi International shows a large increase in trade, and the net profits are also up. But expenses are prodigious.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

H.N., Bristol, says that he feels inclined to purchase 50 RAND MINES and 50 JOHNNIES to keep for dividends. But he wishes to know whether any recent developments have occurred that might alter his opinion. I think that these are two of the soundest shares in the Kaffir market, and both are very moderately priced to-day. H.N. may be quite certain that if any move comes in this market these two shares will be the first to rise. Both companies are excellently managed, and control the most valuable groups on the Rand.

H.G.T.—SELFIDGE 5 per cent. debentures are an excellent Industrial security. They are secured upon the lease of the premises, the stock in trade and other assets of the business. It is one of the best Shop securities in the metropolis. ELDER DEMPSTER 5 per cent. first debentures are a reasonable Shipping security, but freights are falling, and the business has grown too rapidly. Therefore, I look for a depreciation in values. LYONS & Co. 4½ per cent. debentures are excellently secured, and are a gilt-edged Industrial security. CAMMELL LAIRD & Co. 4½ per cent. debentures are a moderate Industrial security, but this company has been ill-managed for some years past, and I cannot advise a purchase. HARRODS' 5 per cent. preference are a reasonable commercial risk. I cannot rank them higher than that. Harrods is a money-making concern, but the business is growing too big, and if any of the geniuses who now run the concern were to die it might be difficult to replace them.

ALPHA.—I think that your ZAMBESIAS can be held because a Brussels syndicate is about to make a market in Tanganyika. The Zambesia is really only valuable in so far as it holds Tanganyika shares, and if the one share rises the other will also go up. I should strongly advise you to get out as soon as the market is made. All speculation has died down, and the company is short of money. WESTERN CANADA LAND seems to me to be in a hopeless position. I am afraid that the company is not well managed, and that it has not money and will probably have to reconstruct. But as you cannot get out of your stock, the only thing you can do is to hold on. With regard to TOUGH OAKES, I should strongly advise you to keep out of this market. Those behind the scenes are merely gambling in paper with the object of selling it to the public. When the whole of the paper has been disposed of the market will dry up. My Canadian correspondent does not speak well of the property. He considers it over-capitalised and not suited for a big limited company.

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### BASKISH IN MEXICO.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The recent letter of Mr. E. S. Dodgson under this heading, brimful of matter interesting to Basculogists,

has called forth a rejoinder from M. Julien Vinson, a self-constituted authority on the Bask language. That rejoinder is written both in bad taste and in bad English. The latter, as a latest specimen of "English as she is wrote," drew a faint smile at an editor's tolerance; but the former, by its undisguised venom, demanded, and herewith receives, a vigorous protest in the interests alike of courtesy and accuracy. This is my plea for venturing to take up the cudgels in defence of an acknowledged eminent Basculogist. Mr. Dodgson is quite able to conduct his own defence on both scores, and will no doubt do so in due course; but truth and friendship exact that he should not be left single-handed in the effort. Besides, personal charges of the truculent colour as those levelled at a co-Basculogist are best rebutted by an impartial onlooker. Permit me, then, to state that it is as ungenerous as it is untrue to assert that Mr. Dodgson undervalues all work but his own. The very contrary is the simple fact, as I know from a long and extensive acquaintance with his writings on many subjects, in which a scholar's welcome is extended to all new facts and phrases of knowledge. This is precisely what M. Vinson himself does not do, but to my personal knowledge is constantly carping, in "Le Glaneur d'Oleron" and other journals, at whatever Mr. Dodgson advances, either as observed facts or well-grounded surmises. It is a dog-in-the-manger policy unworthy of any seeker after truth.

I leave to Mr. Dodgson the honour of disposing of the absurdly tautological expression and inaccurate version "Song of Lelo," together with the other misstatements of M. Vinson's unfortunate letter.

Yours, etc.,

J. B. MCGOVERN.

St. Stephen's Rectory, C.-on-M., Manchester.

June 22, 1914.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

#### FICTION.

*The Widow of Gloane.* By D. H. Dennis. (John Long. 6s.)

*Tents of a Night.* By Mary Findlater. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

*The Caddis-Worm.* By C. A. Dawson Scott. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

*Immanuel Kant.* By H. S. Chamberlain. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (John Lane. 25s. net.)

*Pauline Bonaparte and Her Lovers.* By Hector Fleischnann. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Morocco.* By Pierre Loti. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)

*Traffic in Treason: A Study of Political Parties.* By J. A. Hobson. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)

*The Great Society: A Psychological Analysis.* By Graham Wallas. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

*A Challenge to the Time-Spirit.* By Thomas J. Gerrard. (R. and T. Wasbourne. 5s. net.)

*The Real Algeria.* By M. D. Stott. Illustrated. (Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d. net.)

#### PERIODICALS.

*Mercure de France; Bookseller; Cambridge University Reporter; Literary Digest; Periodical; Publishers' Circular; Wednesday Review; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue; The Hungarian Spectator; Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin.*



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